

# *SIR HARRY VANE*



*WM. FRANK MARTIN*



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SIR HARRY VANE.

# SIR HARRY VANE

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

BY

WM. FRANK MARTIN

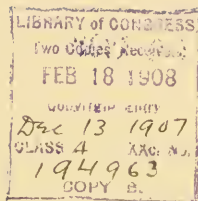


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# SIR HARRY VANE

## A STATEMENT OF ITS SCOPE AND PURPOSE

"Sir Harry Vane," an historical drama, follows quite closely some chapters of our early New England history. The period is that of Vane's occupancy of the Governorship of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1636-1637; although some facts historically without these dates are, for purposes of the drama, included.

The background of the drama is supplied by the political and theological controversies then waging; Sir Harry Vane representing the "etherealized Puritanism" of his own and a later age, there being arrayed against him the conservative and more narrow Puritanism of Winthrop and Dudley.

The views and fortunes of two other conspicuous characters of the time, Roger Williams and Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, are woven into the plot.

The key-note of the drama may be found in these words, spoken by Wendell Phillips:

"Roger Williams and Sir Harry Vane,—the two men deepest in thought and bravest in speech of all who spoke English in their day, and equal to any in practical statesmanship. Sir Harry Vane, in my judgment was the noblest human being who ever walked the streets of yonder city,—I do not forget Franklin, or Sam Adams, Washington, or La Fayette, Garrison, or John Brown,—but Vane dwells an arrow's flight above them all, and his touch consecrated the continent to measureless toleration of opinion and entire equality of rights. We are told we can find in Plato 'all the intellectual life of Europe for two thousand years;' so you can find in Vane the pure gold of two hundred and fifty years of American civilization, with no particle of its dross. Etc."

The drama is intended, in its present form, not for the stage, but rather for the reading public.





## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SIR HARRY VANE . . .	GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY
JOHN WINTHROP . . .	DEPUTY; AFTERWARDS GOVERNOR
RICHARD BELLINGHAM . . . . .	}  MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COURT
WILLIAM CODDINGTON . . . . .	
REV. JOHN COTTON . . . . .	
THOMAS DUDLEY . . . . .	
JOHN HAYNES . . . . .	
REV. HUGH PETERS . . . . .	
JOHN ENDICOTT . . . . .	
INCREASE NOWELL . . . . .	SECRETARY OF THE GENERAL COURT
WILLIAM DUMMER . . . . .	TREASURER OF THE GENERAL COURT
WILLIAM ASPINWALL . . . . .	A CITIZEN OF BOSTON
ISRAEL STOUGHTON . . . . .	ANOTHER CITIZEN OF BOSTON
ROGER WILLIAMS . . . . .	PASTOR AT SALEM; LATER, FOUNDER OF PROVIDENCE
JOHN WHEELWRIGHT, PASTOR AT MT. WOLLASTON; LATER BANISHED	
THOMAS HOOKER . . . . .	PASTOR AT NEWTOWN
JOHN WILSON . . . . .	PASTOR AT BOSTON
THOMAS WELD . . . . .	PASTOR AT ROXBURY
JOHN UNDERHILL . . . . .	CAPTAIN OF COLONY TROOPS
JOHN MASON, COMMANDER OF FORCES AGAINST THE PEQUOTS	
LORD LEY . . . . .	A VISITOR FROM ENGLAND
ARNOLD, GREEN AND VERRIN, RESIDENT AT PROVIDENCE	
ANNE HUTCHINSON . . . . .	LEADER OF A RELIGIOUS FACTION
MRS. CODDINGTON . . . . .	WIFE TO WILLIAM CODDINGTON
MRS. COTTON . . . . .	WIFE TO REV. JOHN COTTON
MRS. WINTHROP . . . . .	WIFE TO JOHN WINTHROP
MRS. MARY DYER . . . . .	A FOLLOWER OF ANNE HUTCHINSON
MRS. JANE HAWKINS . . . . .	ECCENTRIC FOLLOWER OF ANNE HUTCHINSON

TWO DAUGHTERS TO ANNE HUTCHINSON

CITIZENS, SAILORS, SEA CAPTAINS, SERGEANTS AND HALBERDIERS,  
MARSHAL, SERVANTS, MILITIA, SOLDIERS, WATCHES AND WARDS,  
INDIANS, SENTINELS, MESSENGERS, ETC.

THE TIME IS FROM MAY, 1636 TO AUGUST, 1637; ALTHOUGH  
SOME EVENTS, HISTORICALLY WITHOUT THESE DATES, ARE FOR  
PURPOSES OF THE DRAMA, INCLUDED.

THE SCENE IS NEW ENGLAND; CHIEFLY, BOSTON.









## ACT FIRST.

Scene I. A Street in the town of Boston.

*(Enter Aspinwall and Bellingham.)*

*Aspinwall:* This is the very spirit of May morn!  
There seems a promise breathed us on the winds  
That what our Plymouth pilgrims failed to find  
In bleak December—what they suffered for—  
Is spring dispelling what they suffered from.  
Let it be all dispelled! Is it not time  
Much that is worthless should be purged and  
pruned?  
Ah more,—let some be withered from the root  
That boast but green leaves to a fruitful sky!  
—Now whither, friend?

*(Enter to them, Stoughton.)*

*Stoughton:* To hide me from the storm.

*Aspinwall:* The storm?—Hear this!—Ha, ha, I see  
no clouds,  
But these which hang above a troubled brow.

*Stoughton*: You view the heavens, I the quivering earth;

Thro' light as well as cloud Heaven may frown.

*Bellingham*: What may this mean? Hear we the tree-toad's croak?

—Come, speak to us, that we may read thy mind,  
If on its page there be not some mistake,  
From which you wrongly judge to-day's event.  
Why should you fear, sir, that young Harry Vane,  
(Who left a titled heritage, that he  
Might plant a new name in our common soil),  
Is duly hailed our chief executive?  
I count that day in deed and prospect fair  
That can inaugurate such worthy rule.

*Stoughton*: Bah! Vain inauguration, Bellingham!

What gift has he, what matured qualities,  
That his but tender years should have applause,  
And such preferment? Is it, then, for breath  
Of freedom, or the puff and breeze of fame,  
He left his native land? Your flighty hopes  
Have not the plumage of his base desires.

*Bellingham*: Tush, sir! These words are wild.

Come, train your thoughts,  
That they hold not to such illusive aim.

*Aspinwall*: Disconsolate? I hope 'tis but in seeming.

—Then, the cause? Is all for naught, and have  
We ta'en the perilous path?

*Stoughton*: Perhaps not that;

But that our men have erred I can but feel,—  
Erred in their choice of stranger Harry Vane;  
Who takes the helm where saner men have stood,  
Called by our Colony's elective will:  
That error, sirs, we see to-day confirmed.

*Aspinwall*: Most willingly.

*Bellingham*: For my part, I rejoice,

And count it but the honor due his merit.  
He is a man to conscience safely loyal,  
Whose dawn bears golden promise of bright day;  
One whose ideals, like mail-clad vestments worn  
About a chieftain's body, shall protect  
Our land from wild alarms. His father, good  
And stalwart man, has stood at England's front  
Honored and true. The son, no less adept  
To rule, has not his sire's unwelcome views,—  
For which indeed young Vane felt driven thence;  
Willing to flee honors so false, and seek  
A humble place within our Commonwealth.

*Stoughton*: A humble place? He sought humility?  
Ambitious crowns still seek a modest Cæsar!

*Bellingham*: Ah, but a different honor this, we trust.  
High rank at England's front a shame had meant,  
And not true honor; his honor now is ours.  
He is our benefactor; we, I hold,  
Are highly honored in this new emprise,  
For think, my friends, we are a people weak  
In men's esteem, as haply strong in God's;  
Despised at Courts, and what is more the peril,  
Without due credit in our native land.  
Great need, therefore, that we in bold esteem  
Should give such welcome to one come as Vane,  
And every scion of like worthy stock.  
This day will raise our honor high abroad,  
Will reassure us; and we will hereby  
Turn to our shores a host of ready men  
Who wait but for our star to rise in hope.

*Stoughton*: Too much the favor of false men we  
court,  
Too little seek the proof of faith with God.

*Bellingham*: I yield to no man confidence in this;  
It is my raiment, sir.

*Stoughton*: A word of Vane:

You think for strength to turn to British peers,  
Or those in honor with our sovereign head.  
Well then, consider. You strike the wrong chord  
there;  
For in that strain there is a note of fear  
That ill attunes it to our harmony.  
Against the King, and his prerogative,  
I would not raise a thought. No man than I  
To our dread sovereign is more loyal, none.  
But think, my friends, we are a Colony  
Now set in a new land. The men who braved  
The elements, and the fierce savage face,  
Were not from titled honors fleeing then;  
But, driven for religion's cause, they came  
To find their freedom and an equal right.  
This common hope is theirs, and theirs one king,  
Dread Conscience.

*Aspinwall*: Well, to what intent?

*Stoughton*: To this:

Shall we deliver this established State  
To those who come but for the honors given?  
Shall we that planted, face flint-set to God,  
Seek now at weakling courts for men to rule?  
Shall we that turned down Winthrop, who but  
seemed



To wish life-tenure in his office, now  
Take one with prospect of remoter change—  
Perhaps a titled name hereditary?  
Oh, let it not be so! Yet such is Vane.  
You say he leaves their court—well, grant it, sirs;  
That now he seems sincere—that too, I grant;  
Yet an aristocrat he is by birth,  
Trained to a usage that ourselves deny,  
With qualms of conscience arrogantly held,  
Which men console them are strong principles.  
They spring but from the ardor of his youth;  
From all that goes to make a people's reign  
His birth will bear him.

*Bellingham*: Sentiment!

*Stoughton*: The proof:

'Tis said, and the reports are credible,  
That when upon the ship that brought him hither  
The people learned his station, knew his rank,  
(To which his looks and bearing testified),  
They gave him flattery; which he, intent  
To win their favor, did the while approve.  
And you know that *eclat* accorded him  
On his arrival. Men foolish seemed and wild,  
And did huzza him as he were a king.  
At once his power prevailed within our Court;

Within the year you make him Governor.  
This is, I hold, a most unseemly haste.

*(Salutes. Volleys of great shot are heard from the shipping in the harbor.)*

*Aspinwall*: List there!—What cheering?—Their huzzas grow louder!

*Stoughton*: We may repent the day we celebrate.

*Bellingham*: Rejoice with us; we will repent with you!

—Will not? Then, while you may lament your grief,

This sun of our glad welcome will bring cheer  
And fortune to us, until (my prophecy)

You will regret this day on which you mourned.

—Hear this again!—We will go join them here.

*(Exeunt Bellingham and Aspinwall.)*

*A procession draws near, by a neighboring street. They pass, with cheers for Vane and the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Voices of derision also heard. Enter, from following with them, a Townsman and Two Sailors.*

*Stoughton*: Sirrah, what make you here?

*Townsman:* Nothing, sir. I have no part in this, save to look upon what others are doing. Perhaps in that, I will admit, is fault enough—accuse me not more sharply.

*Stoughton:* Ah, yours the pardon, friend.—You toilers of the sea, why come you hither?

*First Sailor:* Why, still to see. And thereat toil enough,—for 'tis to lose more flesh than we bag.

*Second Sailor:* We would learn, sir, the truth or falsehood of certain reports. For it has been often said, and the fame thereof had reached our own dull ears, that this was—well, a sort of Holy Land; and being ourselves too much i' the wilderness, we thought to come hither and view, if not from an Elbow's height, (no, not so high—it was a Nebo's height), well, at least from a Red Sea shore, something of these escaped saints.

*Townsman:* And do you find them saints?

*Second Sailor:* We find the saints escaped, yes. The Red Sea, or the red-skin, must have them. We seem to have found the Pharoah's host that sought to gobble up the holy folks; for unless I be betrayed by our own smell from the flesh-pots of Egypt, these are an unholy tribe.

*Stoughton*: How now, why say you this?

*Second Sailor*: They are rebellious; they have no colors displayed, the King was railed at in our hearing, and we heard a magistrate say that no charter was to be read.

*First Sailor*: And our Captain said, "I wonder did they get their authority from Britain, Spain, or the Block Islanders?"

*Second Sailor*: We will see the manner of their coronation; and if this be the way of it, I swear we will tell Charles. But these people care no more for Charles than I care for Jack. I left Jack, poor dog, over the sea—and, for all these care, the two waifs may comfort one another.

*Stoughton*: All are not thus, remember.

*(Exeunt Sailors.)*

—You are no freeman, none the less are free.  
Disfranchised for your sins, you are cut off  
From this day's act of folly. Better so.  
Without are dogs, but if within are wolves,  
The sheep not safer by the walls are kept.

*Townsmen*: How then intend you to abide the term?

*Stoughton*: Oh, sufferingly. There is no remedy  
For these sharp pains but in the balm of time.  
Yet hope withdraws the steel that cuts the flesh:  
To nerve that hope is duty.

*(Exeunt.)*

## ACT FIRST.

Scene II. House of the General Court.

*(Members of the General Court informally gathered. A door opens at rear to Governor's Room. At one side a Committee is assembled.)*

*Haynes*: You say that Williams is our peril—why?

*Dudley*: Too much desiring men should be tolerant,  
He boasts a freeman's faith, yet would himself  
Set for the world its creed in his opinion.  
Is there not danger?—When Anne Hutchinson,  
The fruitful mother, as we thought, of all  
That God had meant should chasten us to fear  
The sins we beckon to, first came among us,  
She found the dove of peace; now caged and  
clipped,  
It finds no resting from her door; but gledes,



Yea and worse vultures, wing the infected air.  
There is decay where was the breath of cleansing.

*Haynes:* The scepter that she wields is novelty;  
Though bright, 'twill rust, nor wear with faith's  
true steel.

And as for Williams, Salem clings to him  
From friendship, not, I think, from strong belief  
In th' errors of his creed. And since our Court  
Has summoned him to answer for his words,  
May we not hope for peace thro' their restraint?

*Dudley:* The tongue alone would give this welcome  
peal:

Discordant bells ring out their loud alarum.

*Haynes:* But, Dudley, I have faith—and in this man.

*Dudley:* Indeed!

*(Vane enters. All stand. Sergeants and Halberdiers escort him forward, then retire. Members of the Court resume informal, but attentive attitude.)*

*Vane:* Fathers and brethren, greetings and 'God's  
peace!

Our General Court, at its late session held, —  
Or ere there came to me this place of trust,

Unmerited I fear, but well esteemed;—  
Did then appoint this new Commission; who  
Resume a work entrusted to the first,  
Which made not their report. We cannot hope  
For this first time more than a brief survey  
Of the conditions and public desire  
Which were initiative to this our work.  
Another time we look for full reports,  
Than this more definite.—The call then, says,  
“To make a draught of laws for our obedience,  
Unto the Scriptures formed agreeable,  
Which may henceforth to us and to our sons,  
Be fundamental to this Commonwealth.”  
To this proposal hold you free to speak.  
Our charter, then, this Colony empowers  
So to provide. If we sufficient cause  
Now find in needs that lately have arisen,  
Well warranting a code of such import,  
It will be well that soon we meet to frame  
Such body of our liberties. This work  
By which we seek to govern men aright,  
With patient care,—their ills repressed by law;  
Their hopes, by grace, advanced to stable good  
And mutual weal,—is worth our best attempts,  
Is like to God’s: His care is ev’n the same.  
—First, shall we learn our worthy Cotton’s will?  
Intending long our theme, he should bring light.

Cotton: A draught of laws, fetched from the sacred  
Book,

'Tis true, I have set forth. My feeling this—  
For God's own people let there be His laws.  
Therefore of this judicial ancient code,  
Such as be moral, laws in equity  
As universal as the realm of right,  
Let us indeed receive. Thereby we set  
Approval and a seal unto our faith  
That here at last we shall establish well  
A true theocracy.

*(Signs of a general approval are evident.)*

No rule than this,  
Whereby authority bears strong support  
From Him whose great and universal realm  
Has but one throne, be our desire. If then  
From this one seat His scepter's power is borne,  
It much behooves us that a common will  
Towards that high seat be shown. A like belief  
Where faith is unimportant, void of ill,  
Were not advisable, indeed not wise;  
But when it touches weal of church or state,  
Is to be guarded. Care therefore has been,  
Without offense, yet to make strong the bonds  
Which bind us to a covenant of faith.

So of the civil, a like care has been  
To give to all their just and natural rights  
Without infringement on those limits set  
In nature's law. I like a liberal count,  
Yet would not trust that blind democracy  
Which, of the people, bears the vulgar stamp;  
And in their choice, too often manifest,  
Guides them as instinct does the animal,  
Though less unerringly.  
Be this avoided. Then in truth shall we  
Strong temple columns plant, on which our State  
May rest henceforth its burdens without fear.

*(Signs of approval, and of disapproval, are to be observed.)*

*Dudley:* These, Sir, are words of serious, just  
appeal,  
To which we should attend. In general terms,  
They voice a duty which the hour commands,  
Sternly to all. Bind we these sayings now  
With lawful bonds to bend us to their strength,  
And we must yield to truth invincible.

*Bellingham:* Truth bound with error must forever  
need  
Your clasps of steel, else will they fall apart;  
Yea, even then.

*Dudley*: What wrong does Richard scent  
That he, so soon, must show he finds the trail?  
—My friends, religion's cause is now distraught  
Within our borders. All to no avail  
Her fervent pleas for unity. And why?  
Men turn her liberties into a cloak  
To hide presumptuous sins, while erring zeal  
Walks naked forth. 'Tis time we cry them *shame*;  
Shall Zion languish and her people mourn?

*Coddington*: At Chidon's gate fell Uzzah for his  
fear.

*Bellingham (to Coddington)*. The trail is hot; come  
join me in pursuit.

*Dudley*: Learn the considerate hour. Years should  
now speak.  
One sage and honored presence have we here;  
Lest we may lose the counsel of his years,  
I shall give place to our great commoner.

*Vane*: One voice we all expect,—will Winthrop  
speak?

*Winthrop*: I am, my honored Sir, and good my  
friends,  
Most sensible to these your kind regards,  
And would that age with wisdom shared his seat.

I shall not now with many words enforce  
The drift and worth of well known sentiments.  
Need for deliberate, calm, and weighty care,  
Should stay the issue that is spiritual,  
Till when we may with more expectant hope  
Season all zeal with grace. Be this our prayer.  
But now of rights inherent in our State,  
Which recent years have helped us to define,  
This the essential thing:—they henceforth bear  
Authority, whom nature has endowed.  
Thus do we hold from birth prerogative,  
And thus from rabble hands the power withhold.  
In every state the best part is the least,  
And of that “least” the wiser is still less.  
Why then not make assured this safest course  
Which we pursue, that in our steps our sons  
May likewise walk, and place th’ elective crown  
Upon the brow which nature has adorned?

*(Enter a Halberdier.)*

*Vane:* Brave thoughts well voiced.

*Halberdier:* Your pardon, Sir; a word—  
Since a committee, sent you from the ships,  
Awaits without.—Shall we admittance give?

*Vane*: It is a grievance they would now present  
Of fancied wrongs, deserving of the hour  
More than of yielding spirit. If perchance  
I may, with wielding them, our fears allay,  
It will redeem the time.—Brethren, farewell;  
I needs must ask these labors be deferred  
Until what time good progress may advise.  
Attend meanwhile the Scriptural page, and bring  
To civic code words most acceptable,  
That what is written, as the Preacher saith,  
May be upright, yea, words of very truth.

*(Exeunt all but Vane. Enter the sergeants and halberdiers, and five sea-captains; Captain Palmer as spokesman.)*

—Most worthy captains, you are welcome all!  
What kindly wind has brought you to our port?

*Palmer*: Less kindly that than is this welcome, Sir;  
Yet more kind far than is the harbor's swell  
Which, in wild contrast to the quiet sea,  
Now seethes and foams as 'twere Leviathan  
Made hoary the darksome flood.

*Second Captain (aside)*: This welcome, yes,  
Is much more courteous than the Castle's call,  
*Heave to, salute!*

*Vane*: What life the mariner's is,  
If harbors prove more treacherous than the deep!

*Palmer*: But of the wind which brings us hither  
now,

This straw will show his way. Of Wentworth's  
ship

And your lieutenant, with th' ensuing brawl,  
You have possessed the news. Sir, we are sent  
By those aggrieved, their fifteen ships agreed,  
To see if some good auspice may not serve  
To calm the harbor's rage, that with fair skies  
We may return us to our England's main,  
Announcing good reports. So well received  
As here we find us, gives assuring hope—  
Our Vane does not run counter to the wind!

*Vane*: A hope approved, if only that the wind  
Be of the upper current.—Now with this  
Your grievance, I am much concerned. Indeed,  
The cause was known. News came in weeds of one  
Bereft of peace. Our Colony desires  
To see her shores washed with but tranquil waves;  
This I sincerely hope. Will you accept  
This then, as in some sense a faithful pledge

*(Presenting a note of invitation.)*



Of present interest, a promise too  
That when, as herein stated, you will dine  
With me on Wednesday next, we then shall choose  
The terms of such agreement as suit best  
Our mutual welfare and the common good.  
To all the captains of the several ships  
Bear this my wish.

*Palmer:* Humbly, our thanks. Farewell.

*Vane:* Farewell—and you—and you—to each—fare-  
well.

*(Exeunt Captains, escorted by sergeants and hal-  
berdiers. Curtain.)*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I. Boston. A Public Place.

*(Enter Dudley and Stoughton.)*

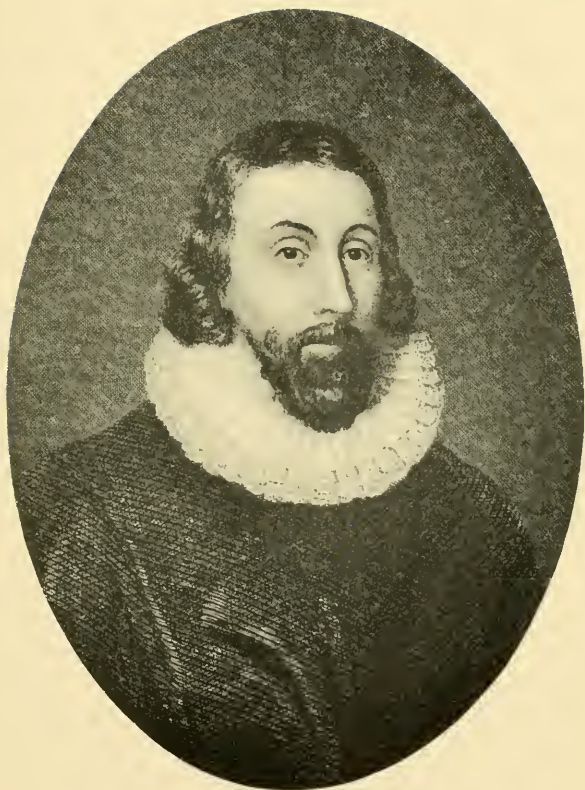
*Dudley:* What sternness is there in this opposition?

*Stoughton:* Whatever cloud or heat can give. The  
one

Now gathers, and we stir men's passions too.  
Our quiet protest that thought first of tears,  
Would rather now they coursed opponents' cheeks.  
Their ways of folly are not paths of peace.

*Dudley:* Shiloah's waters Israel once despised,  
Jehovah's floods then deluged Israel:—  
Now from our temple comes a stream defiled,  
Can all Euphrates make its fountains pure?

*Stoughton:* And soon they come; for troubles now  
arise  
Such that young Vane may wish his years were  
gray  
Ere they be settled. These too are the least.



JOHN (Governor) WINTHROP.



To-night, is't not, he gathers at his board  
The vessels' captains?

*Dudley:* So it is.

*Stoughton:* Well, there  
Is trouble, too, cannot be feasted out.  
They say their grace before their feasting now,  
But grace will wait on fasting by and by.  
—Our trouble comes, look here, in flesh and blood!

(*Enter Roger Williams.*)

*Dudley:* Brother of Salem, peace thy city speaks  
In name,—is there in truth that peace?

*Williams:* "If thou  
Hadst known, ev'n thou, at least in this thy day,  
The things which appertain unto thy peace!  
But now,—ah, they are hidden from thine eyes."  
Yet Dudley, not to you, nor unto you,  
Except as unto many, I speak these words.

*Stoughton:* But of the many are we, and thought we  
knew  
What were contributory to our peace.

*Williams:* The Hebrews thought they ne'er had seen  
so well  
As when, in darkness, they put out their Light;

The liberty for which their fathers yearned,  
When theirs, they sold for age-long bondage.

*Dudley (impatiently)*: Yes!

*Williams*: And that for which we, from an old  
world's frowns

And anger, came, we would ourselves despise.  
What gentler passions than our fathers' moods  
Are ours, if we as they find heart and will  
To persecute?

*Dudley*: Are there no limits, then,  
Without the which we may not fellowship,—  
Smiling approval to their baseless creeds?

*Williams*: Perchance the Father of lights a limit  
knows

Where love its deadline dare not overstep,  
But none has shown, and unto mortals He  
His own dear love has shown illimitable;  
And counsels men His love-lit steps to learn,  
So being liberal as the gift of grace.

*Dudley*: And as conservative! Think you, that  
grace

Is made effective to th' unworthy? No,  
Nor to the ignorant that will not learn

The *Hear Him* of the Gospels. For a creed  
There is man must believe.

*Williams*: I said not that.

I speak of love, not of our warring creeds.  
Only that Father of lights can judge of these  
Impartially. He knows the motives, we  
Cannot; and He discerns truth absolute;  
We truth, yes truth, but ever in false light,—  
Some ashen paleness on it of our fear,  
Some hue of saffron on it from our hate,  
Some splendid luster on it of our love.  
Shall we forsake those moods of charity,  
Wherein alone we may rise to be like Him,  
To boast peculiar treasure of His thoughts  
Inscrutable? Only His thoughts are truth. (*Go-*  
*ing*)  
Your leave,—a special errand bids me on.

(*Exit Williams.*)

*Stoughton*: God grant it may be on!

*Dudley*: What towering wrath

Such words might well be guilty of! As though  
(It shames us to the world) we had already  
Not deeply suffered from his oily tongue!  
What! tolerance? To be so tolerant

As give the priceless garment of our faith  
For shreds and patches, emblems of a truce?  
God's mercy, no!

*Stoughton*: Too tolerant by far  
Our Court has been of Williams, and the sin  
Grown strong inflicts us now with punishment.  
For Vane is with him, and it may be hard  
To enforce the order for his going on.

*Dudley*: Though Vane is with him, yet the Court  
is not;  
But holds its sentence now against him,—one  
That said, at first, a brief six weeks should be  
The term of his permission. But that time  
Passed by, and thinking that he meant to go,  
At early spring, to Narragansett Bay,  
The time was lengthened. Yet he still withstands,  
Using against us our own leniency.

*Stoughton*: There must be no delay.

*Dudley*: I am resolved  
That with endeavoring haste I shall declare  
The needs most urgent that should send him  
forth;—  
Forth, not to Narragansett Bay, from whence  
There well might rise to trouble us again



Unholy fires from his enkindling zeal;  
But into England, or some place removed.  
To this dear land where some a freedom seek  
From tulchan bishops, rites, and lifeless form;  
Where liberty would wreath us with her smiles;  
There also come those who with base amours  
Cleave not to liberty, no, no, but to  
Her unchaste sister, license. These they are  
Who give resolve to opportunity,  
And make their hopes to be our own dismay.

*(Going.)*

So evil entered to our gates, and so,  
If God be served, it shall be driven forth!

*Stoughton:* How good this resolution is! Here's  
hope.

*(Exeunt. Enter, from the opposite side, Williams  
and Vane.)*

*Vane:* Hold, do not hasten your return.

*Williams:* 'Tis best.

*Vane:* 'Tis best you should remain. Your presence  
gives  
That help to me that nerves me well to labor.

*Williams:* Vane, glad indeed I am that you are now Governor of this Colony. I feel  
That one so worthy will find much to do  
In bringing men to level with his heart.  
That I the least loved yearning in the flock,  
Since when I first was numbered in the fold,  
May yet be chosen scapegoat for their sins,  
Were matter of small consequence, if only—  
Their sins might henceforth keep the wilderness!  
But to drive forth one thro' intolerance  
Is but to scourge an innocent back, while wrongs  
More thrive and strengthen as they ply the lash.

*Vane:* That were too true. But that such scourge  
will fall  
Where it must fester pangs, and be a deed  
To take the crimson from the aspiring blood,  
I cannot well believe. We trust that Laud,  
Whose wilful customs urged our coming thence,  
Has no disciples of oppression here.

*Williams:* Lord-bishops or lord-brethren is a choice  
That prospers not exchange. What better these,—  
Sworn brethren to a tyranny of creed,—  
Than Laud the overseer of like dominion?  
I share not your belief.

*Vane:* And that some ill

Threatens our welfare 'gainst my earnest hope,  
Must be admitted. Yet my hope is firm  
That such base prejudice may not increase,  
And that lord-brethren may ascribe to Him,  
Whose lordship over all we do implore,  
First honors to the same, and choose to take  
Our one-half title bathed in charity.

*Williams*: Would that it might be so!

*Vane*: It will, if we

Shall be as thorough in our work to clothe  
His Church with righteousness, as they to robe  
With ceremonies. Israel's God still wants  
Men "valiant for the truth upon the earth."  
With these unsettled questions which perplex,  
I trust that with right spirit, courage too  
May join, and give us friendly dealing. You,  
By this renewal of your friendship, will  
Give zeal for this, for which good thanks. To-  
night

I meet the captains of our harbor's fleet,  
Their grievances to hear.

*Williams*: I wish you well

In this, and all your helps of governance.  
Since in your countenance hope shines at best,  
Lift up its light upon us!

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT SECOND.

Scene II. The Same. A Dining Hall.

*(Seated at the table, Vane, Winthrop, Cotton, and fifteen Sea-Captains. Servants, having brought wine, retire. An atmosphere of good feeling is felt to pervade.)*

*Vane:* Our reverend Cotton ministers to all wants.

*Cotton:* My friends, now that to all there has been served

The glass that sparkles with good fellowship,  
There is a wine to serve, best of the feast,  
Which from the vintage of our cares expressed,  
And long fermenting with some warmth, is now  
Of delicate bouquet, urging our lips:  
Here's to our healths!

This kind it is makes glad the heart of man,  
If it be drunken from love's chalice; but,  
Look not upon this wine when it is red,  
Or gives a fretful color to the cup:  
Or so the Scriptures say, and overabound.  
The gladness of the text alone is all  
We dwell upon as needful for this feast.  
Yet, only a faucet-taster am I to be,

And yours to let the genial currents flow.  
We look to Governor Vane.

*Vane:* And, brethren all,  
Whatever joys attend to-night this board,  
The Father of bounties gives the chief to me;  
And I, in gladness at your presence, hold  
The cup of friendship to delighted lips.  
No wine more sweet! When your committee called  
It was this spirit in their coming pleased,  
And helped to give an incident deplored  
A gentler aspect than at first it took.  
That spirit in the five, good fortune like,  
Appears to strengthen threefold in fifteen.  
All confidence I have then, that to-night  
The terms to which we mutually may agree  
Shall not prove hard to find. Suffer me then  
Briefly to state those terms which to our mind  
Seem most essential to our interest,  
And consonant with yours. Reasons therefor  
Are to some few at least familiar; yet  
Our senior in good counsel, Winthrop, will,  
By our request, give summary of these;—  
To which, may it please friend Cotton and your  
wish,  
Ye may reply.—First then, be our request  
That with the coming year, or from such time

As our agreement may be understood  
By whatsoever vessel greets our shores,—  
All ships may come to anchor ere they touch  
At Castle Island, sending boats before;  
That our lieutenant may be thus assured  
That such are friends. And then we do desire,  
Or ere their goods be offered here for sale,  
An invoice be presented us, with right  
Of four and twenty hours refusal. Then,  
What each of you must equally desire,  
That after sunset, save for urgent need,  
None of your crew be privileged on shore.  
These, Captains, are the terms will make for peace  
Within our Colony, and give to you  
The grateful anthem of a people's praise.

*First Captain (aside)*: The lady in our liquor drugs  
the wine!

*Second Captain (aside)*: But stirs so well that one  
must drink the lees,  
Lady and all for social health!

*First Captain (aside)*: It gags!

*Cotton*: Or ere such anthem swell, I gladly ask  
That Winthrop may stand father to our counsel.

*Winthrop*: My greetings rather would I give than think

A voice of counsel need be lifted, or  
That words of mine need tarry to make clear  
Our prayerful meanings unto gracious minds.  
There is a fear, not without cause indulged,  
That if the argosies we welcome may  
Unchallenged pass our Fort; then easily  
There might slip in some enemy, some loose  
Marauders, or some crafty buccaneers,  
And pirates of your trade as of our peace.  
And, that no hurtful goods may be allowed  
From any ship, an invoice we would ask  
To be delivered, aiding us to see  
That no illicit trade may thrive among us.  
Our last request no semblance of distrust  
Should bear, save that in any fifteen ships  
There are some wild and reckless youth, who need  
The curb of tense though kind restraint. You  
will,—

Or else my wine sets judgment from his seat,—  
Agree to their restraint, yield some slight point,  
And help us so to make our Commonwealth  
True parcel of the Israel of God.

*(Captains manifest their approval.)*

*Cotton*: Captains, for these expressions of assent,  
Already given, Vane may well rejoice;  
And every colonist with him were glad,  
Could they but see how groundless were their fears.  
A further joy comes too to gladden us,  
Since Captain Palmer now may be announced  
To voice reply.

*Palmer*: But, reverend sir, and you  
Our worthy Governor, and Winthrop whom  
Long since we learned to honor,—our reply  
Has been unduly voiced:—what can I say?  
My words are stolen from me by their speech  
Who hold the tongue—a crime unspeakable.  
My freighted argosy of staple goods,  
I thought here to unload, is pirated  
By crafty buccaneers. And Winthrop helps  
To set them to it! You need another Fort.  
Let your lieutenant call, *Heave to, salute!*  
And let the Captains with the crews be stayed  
On vessel after dark. An hour so late,  
And wine mixed by this cunning tapster's hand,  
Quite overpowers, sir reverence, my crew!  
And to apology in their behalf  
I add permission to arrest, or deal  
As you, our chief Executive, think best.



*Cotton:* If there be those who in their own defense  
Have aught to say, we grant the privilege.

*(All make as if to decline.)*

—Must wilful accusations thus be borne?

—Then, Governor, in you let justice reign.

*Vane:* And justice reigns! And so these men are  
free.

For breathe they not our freedom, as they drink  
Our healths?—The night is yours, as ours the joy.

We make no sunset curfew to good will:

That stays the whole night thro, shall brighter  
glow

With each returning dawn. For we are one  
By more than right of English blood. Our good,  
Is it not yours? And shall not, brethren, He  
Who binds Orion into social spheres,  
And makes the Pleiads share their sisterhood,  
Hold us in common fealty to His love?

—If then such sentiment be yours, and if,  
As our good Palmer has with heat declared,  
You would outstrip him in your kind assent  
To these brief terms, (terms once misunderstood,  
As we perhaps misunderstood your wish,  
Now happily conceded), then I ask  
That such expression now be verified.

*(All Captains rise, then Winthrop and Cotton. Upon this, Captain Palmer leads in a health to Governor Vane, and the Massachusetts Bay Colony.)*

—Full heartily, our thanks! This night indeed  
Shall be remembered with due gratitude.

*(Captains exeunt, cheerfully, attended by Halberdiers.)*

*Cotton:* Here is a breathing spell. And, Vane, what  
fears

Have been removed! I hardly dared to think  
So bright would be the ending of our feast.

*Vane:* Oh, bright indeed! And sir, in any cause  
'Tis wise to lift the wounded from the dust,  
And bear them to an inn.

*Cotton:* Ev'n so, it was  
That rugged way no traveler but love  
Dare pause upon.

*Vane (twittingly):* And often Gerizim  
Trains better saints than does Jerusalem!  
The priest and Levite hasten on to pray,  
"By thine almighty arm deliver, Lord,"  
While one dares lay for's God a soothing hand  
Upon th' afflicted brow.

*Cotton:* Hear, Winthrop, this!

You bear your staff—where pouch, and book o' the  
Law?

*Winthrop:* Our good Samaritan may need a staff  
For his support, a fuller pouch to spend,  
And the Holy Word for's comfort, ere he soothe  
All fevered brows.—Here now those who can tell

(*Enter Mrs. Winthrop and Mrs. Cotton.*)

Of one such stricken cause.—How, Margaret, say:  
We're happy in the issue of to-night;  
Tell Vane some circumstances of to-day,  
And see what prospect there.

*Vane:* Oh, let us hear.

*Mrs. Winthrop:* 'Tis to the midweek lecture, and  
some stir

Caused by Anne Hutchinson's remarks, he now  
Refers. I fear it is cause for concern;  
In fact, have since her meetings first began.  
It is a work, I hold the Scriptures teach,  
Not for our sex; and felt there would be ill  
Resulting soon. Think you 'tis woman's place?

*Vane:* The Gospel's law is one of liberty.

*Mrs. Winthrop:* But not for improprieties. To me

It all seems wrong. And I until to-day,  
When weakness won, did not frequent her place.  
Now let me tell you what I heard, and see  
What many goodwives choose to feed upon.  
First, boasting that the life of faith with forms  
Cannot abide, that he alone is Christ's  
In whom the Holy Spirit bodily dwells;  
She then derided ministers, and said  
They were but popish factors, diseased growths,  
And ushers-in of persecution.  
How shamefully at fault her words would seem!  
We hold, she says to a covenant of works.  
Such words, good Cotton, weaken your appeals.

*Cotton:* It might so turn. And yet Anne Hutchinson

Is one of sober carriage, disciplined  
In virtuous ways and saintly character.  
I knew her, friends, in old St. Botolph's; and  
More admirable, unselfish helper, none  
Has cheered my ministry. I should be sad  
To think her words mean this.

*Mrs. Cotton:* What can they else?

We know your words in praise of her are true,  
And yet authentic teachings of her own  
Show her misled.

*Mrs. Winthrop*: I say it to our shame,—  
Authority usurped leads woman wrong.

*Vane*: Surely, good friends, this woman we can  
trust.

Approved as is her praise of character.  
Her life stands true. Her teachings, cannot they  
Or stand or fall as in our conflicts these  
Take sides with truth or error? God's that issue.  
Let us but answer for ourselves, and look  
That truth be our command.

*Winthrop*: I fear such course,  
Anticipating with much sadness how  
Her words may work us injury.—But then,  
Of this another time.—To-night's farewell.

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT SECOND.

Scene III. The Same. A Street.

(*In front, a rustic view. To left, a wooded pasture. To right, a roadway. Nearby, a footpath, leading to the river Charles.*)

*In the foreground, at the left, on a stump, is seated John Wheelwright; on the grass nearby,*

*John Underhill, with a pipe.*

*Occasionally one or more are seen passing.*

*Underhill:* A queer thing anyhow is our holy religion.

*Wheelwright:* I know not that I should deem it a queer thing; only that some queer people are possessed of it.

*Underhill:* And therein, mark me, is it queer; in that such queer people get it, and in such queer ways, and that in such diverse forms as suiting their queerness they hold it.

*Wheelwright:* Perhaps so, then.

*Underhill:* Indeed, just so. Now that anyone would think of making so solemn a thing out of so joyous a commodity as our blessed truth, as does our goodman Dudley, or our reverend Wilson,—though indeed our Wilson, aside from his preaching, has a lively enough vein,—surpasses what were sober to think. Truly now, they make too much out of so little. For there be some who having but feeble piety, steady it with a stiff dignity and a long solemnity. They walk safely only because they walk wretchedly. Why not throw away their sticks? Oh no, they are stick-

lers for them. But I—I had as lief be a crutched Friar. Give me your religion of pleasurable ease.

*Wheelwright:* Well, not too much ease. For some fail there; and the prophet, remember, chided such as were at ease in Zion.

*Underhill:* Ah but, mark me, I refer to ease of mind. True, we may be too much lacking in diligence; and diligence is a good road for piety to take. But then, a long one, mark me, a long road; and it will not do that we walk too stiffly. Now my persuasion is, that their solemnity is nothing else than the veritable shadow of works,—that shadow which the covenant of works, as Anne Hutchinson so well calls it, casts upon those who are yet walking therein. One must be under grace, and if under grace then there is liberty, and if liberty then we need not fear our falling, even though in our weakness we should walk into sin.

*Wheelwright:* Mistress Hutchinson does not grant that the covenant of grace may lead us into sin. It is her teaching that we shall be enabled to live free from the bondage of sin.

*Underhill:* I know; but, mark me, just there I cannot see it so. For her teaching I entertain a high

regard, but I fear lest she may lead us too far in this. For how shall I be free, if I am to be under bondage to the fear that any step may be a mis-step? The Apostle said that while all things were not expedient for him, yet, mark me, all things were lawful.

*Wheelwright*: But look, where Roger Williams comes.

*(Enter, from the right, Roger Williams.)*

—Good greeting here! I knew not that you still tarried with us.

*Underhill (rising)*: I too salute you.

*Williams*: My brethren, you are well met. I do still tarry a little, though I must to-day to Salem. By an appointment, I am to meet our brother, Hooker, here at the crossing. And I think it draws near the hour,—almost ten, would you say?

*Wheelwright*: I think, most likely.

*Underhill*: Not quite, mayhap. At least Hooker comes not yet.—Such as they are—be seated.

*Williams*: I do not intrude? What conference have you here?—Thank you, I will stand.



*Wheelwright:* No, no intrusion; we but happened to meet a while ago, here at the pasture, and fell to some argument; and, as we were not specially urged, turned aside for a while.—Proceed Captain Underhill; I am sure our brother Williams will be interested.

*Williams:* Indeed, say on.

*Underhill:* I was just saying as how in our religion it is the covenant of grace that avails, and that if we be under that covenant, it must be for us a mantle for our infirmities and misdoings. Herein it is that we cannot by any merits avail, but must await the season of that gracious visitation. As for instance, mark me, what vain strivings I had. I had lain under a spirit of bondage and a legal way five years, and could get no assurance; but at length one day as I was taking a pipe of tobacco, the Spirit sent home an absolute promise of free grace, with such assurance and joy as that I have never since doubted of my good estate, neither should I doubt though I should fall into sin.

*Williams:* Ah, vain man, do you think the influence of the Divine Spirit so combines with the influence of that filthy weed?

*Underhill*: Ah, mark me, I do not so consider. But such indeed was my way of visitation; and, pray, why should it be thought a thing incredible? For as the Lord was pleased to convert Paul as he was in persecuting, and even in blasphemy; so He might manifest Himself to me as I was but taking the moderate use of the creature called tobacco.

*Williams*: It was scarcely in praise of Him to say it so. Beware your comfort be not the false comfort which the weed imparts. And indeed be sure of this,—grace is given, not as a mantle to cover our sins, but as a cleansing from which we may be free of sin. Having that covenant, ought we not to stand firm to the high condition of that covenant's seal?

*Underhill*: Well but, mark me, your "ought" is a hard word. And if every *debitum* were a *posse*, there is no insurrection but could be quelled.

*Williams*: But ought in righteousness is can. And look,

That in thy self-excusing haply thou  
Accuse not God. His will leads up to light,  
His liberty shades not to license, nor  
Can He who in His creatures will demand

A virtue, still be satisfied with mulct.  
To Him we plead our frailties but in vain,  
Slighting our task; seeking His help, they stand  
Our strongest plea.—I would I yet might stay;  
But there, I think, a skiff now disembarks  
Must bring him. So, your leave. (*Exit Williams.*)

*Wheelwright*: Williams, farewell.

—And we, do not you think, should now be going?

*Underhill*: Quite likely, goodman Wheelwright.—

But what would not Williams say, if I were to use such title before him as “goodman”? He would as soon see a woman unveiled in his church. I think indeed he would retract his fervent words, and admit with me that there are none good. I needed not to have entered into argument before him, for we know how useless that is. He withstands us all in controversy, however bad the opinion. Still, if my words had no weight with him, neither, mark me, can his with me. So there, we draw.—But, let us go.

*Wheelwright*: Yes.—Still, a marvellous man is Williams, lovely in his carriage, godly and zealous, having precious gifts. What a loss that our Colony finds him a hindrance, not a help. Its

purpose, I fear, affrights him. I doubt not he now confers with Hooker as to that.

*Underhill:* I shall yet get him,—if not in argument, perhaps in arms.—If any can avail him aught, Hooker can.

*(Excunt Wheelwright and Underhill, to right. Soon, by footpath, enter Roger Williams and Thomas Hooker, in conversation. They come forward, until where the place vacated by Wheelwright and Underhill may be seen, then pause.)*

*Williams:* Why, only now Wheelwright and Underhill

Talked with me here. They now, I see, have gone.  
Turn we aside; no better place than this  
Need we desire for our brief conference.

*Hooker:* Suits well enough. But few here come  
and go

This hour of day, and we are quite removed.

—Now Williams, tell me of your thought. Your  
note

Of yesterday gave hint; and well you know

I am a strong well-wisher in your cause.

*Williams:* Thanks, Hooker, so I think. This then  
the brief:

It is not that I wish to stay the hand  
That here is lifted up against my peace,  
I seek for counsel; nor, that I that hand  
Would make the more desiring by a course  
Of wilful seeming, that I do refuse  
To meet a summons of our General Court.  
But rather this:—I hold it as my faith  
That in such matters as concern the soul,  
A liberty of soul obtains. In this  
No ordinance of man must interfere.  
Yet, holding such authority of soul,  
The more am I in duty bound to seek  
My exercise thereof be without blame.  
I cannot yield an item to constraint,  
Nor sanction forms that to my mind are void;  
Yet if such wards of conscience leave a way  
Where one may venture to expediency,  
Such overture I seek, or not refuse.  
You, Hooker, trained to discipline of mind;  
Silenced for non-conformity, for which  
From England you to Holland fled, whence hither;  
Oft whipped with lash of billows-tossing waves  
Of persecution,—you best know the mood  
Of self-defense, else of aggressive stand.  
“Bear one another’s burden”—such is mine.

*Hooker:* That would I, Williams, heartily, if only

Some way but might appear. I grant as you  
That conscience must be feared; have paid some  
price

For so good faith, and treasure it as dear.

But, Williams, this our Colony presents

A challenge to our thought that not before,

To me at least, seemed with like fairness urged.

At other times when conscience issue joined

With custom, I have felt that custom rose

From error, nurtured upon pride, or helped

To tyranny by crude indifference.

But here, I think, not so. The issue stands,

Conscience to conscience: yours or mine prevail.

I can but feel that some whom you oppose

Are equally sincere. Their faith—you yours—

They seek to weave to fabric for our Court,

Whose ermine would be pure. And thence my fear

No easy path may offer to our goal.

*Williams:* But, I ask not for oneness of belief;

I merely ask that as they sanction theirs,

They but permit me that I publish mine.

*Hooker:* Theirs is the law, and yours against that  
law.

*Williams:* No law so sacred, but that one it calls

To give obedience, may dare question why.

*Hooker*: So. Yet—and this, I think, we need regard,—

They who build now their fancies into form,  
Themselves gave up a land that narrowed them,  
And sought new borders; now, if they confine,  
They think it fair that others should search out  
A like enlargement.

*Williams*: Hold! they do not grant  
Their borders are so new; but dare contend  
They hold them from the Crown whose realm they  
fled:  
How this enlargement—save in length of chains?

*Hooker*: That too a tenet lends uneasiness  
To their opposed belief.

*Williams*: It harms them, if  
Their cringing loyalty invite his spleen  
Whose just authority extends not hither.  
No, Hooker, it were useless, for we cannot  
Make terms acceptable,—broad fields divide.  
They claim, forsooth, here spreads the king's domain;  
That which this foot treads on is not the king's,  
Nor that these eyes behold. Thou, King of kings,  
Forbid! I make no treason to Thy tribes  
Of Gentile blood, that here inhabit lands

Thou gavest them. We come to teach and save,  
Not steal and slay; to gain, not dispossess.  
Their charter!—royal thief, what right had he  
Conveying lands not his? The paper burns  
With lying seals of title; they who give,  
Or hold, by this false charter, share the crime.  
This why I will not be a freeman, since  
To take the right from those who hold the right  
Falsely obtained, were void. I rather ask  
The Indians: derive it they from God.  
Likewise unwarranted their claim of church,  
That magistrates may punish breach of law  
Where His first table of the decalogue  
Condemns: all unbelief, forswearing, guilt  
Of Sabbath,—crimes He only must avenge.  
Though they that punish these, themselves inflict  
A breach of one, when they require an oath  
From unregenerate men. These, and that worst  
Of their misdeeds, in choosing to remain  
Unseparated from the English Church,  
Compel me to a course unreconciled.

*Hooker:* I fear such counsel gives you but resolve  
For more confirmed resistance. Argument  
That heaps our own, and weighs not others' rights,  
Must ever turn unequal. Weigh us truth,—  
You do that well; but force not whom you serve



To take the dross full value with the gold,  
They so regarding.—Williams, I could wish  
You might find conscience not a thruster-on  
From these our borders; here a field invites  
Investment. Yet your youth is ardent, frets  
Under constraint; and, if you cannot choose  
Contentment, nor tone down your strictures; then,  
Much to my sorrow, I should counsel, go.

*Williams:* So Winthrop thought, I cannot well deny,  
Your mind, and his, in this may be most sane.  
Did Heaven set my post of duty here,  
That though were need for pause. I would make  
sure.  
I cannot aught retract that conscience moved:  
My words shall stand confirmed. Yet, Hooker,  
thanks  
For kindly thoughts. I bear you much good will.

*Hooker:* I you. And gladly shall I intercede  
With those whose hands enclose the issue, that  
They not in haste or anger move; and trust  
A way shall open to some mutual good.

*Williams:* Thanks, heartily. I trust the mightier  
Hand.  
—I'll with you to the landing.

Hooker: Thanks; a skiff

Now waits me.—One regrets to leave that shade.

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT SECOND.

Scene IV. The Same. House of Anne  
Hutchinson.

(*In front, a lawn, with trees, shubbery, flowers.  
Various seats are provided. At close of a  
Women's Meeting; some remain.*)

*Enter, from street at front, Aspinwall, Coddington,  
Bellingham.*

Coddington: Is here another house of deputies?

Bellingham: More than assistants, they are magistrates:

For look, how magisterial they seem!

Aspinwall: If women hold court, we must prove  
guilty and be,

With Williams, banished from our city of peace.

Bellingham: You have a faint and evil-accepting  
heart.

Aspinwall: With reason too. The Scriptures—

*Coddington: (To Aspinwall, seeing Anne Hutchinson enter)*

There is one,  
Their chief executive, think you, as vain  
As any we may boast of!

*Bellingham: Let us linger  
A little.*

*Coddington: We may thus admittance gain  
To her apostolate.*

*Aspinwall: Save asking too,  
If aught would learn, our knowing wives at home.*

*Bellingham: Your Scripture's uninspired.*

*Aspinwall: But down to date.*

*(Anne Hutchinson comes forward.)*

*Anne Hutchinson: Good welcome, friends.*

*Bellingham: No intrusion, I hope, that we  
Linger a little here?*

*Anne Hutchinson: Oh, none at all!  
Enjoy the freedom of the seats and lawn,—  
I shall be much delighted.*

*Coddington: Small the wonder,  
Though one regarded not the eloquence*

To which our good wives listen, they should come  
And sit together where such comfort calls.

*Bellingham*: Poor men, we swelter in our heated  
Court.

*Aspinwall*: And most perspire from an unweathered  
warmth.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Such difference then between the  
law and grace!

*(Enter, from street, Dudley and Stoughton.)*

*Coddington*: Come in! Here's room. Two sessions  
here convene  
From late adjournment.

*Dudley*: Ah, a quorum, is there?

*Bellingham*: Oh, always, when we may escape the  
law,  
Which seldom draws a willing company,  
For such by far more temperate lawns of grace.

*(To Anne Hutchinson)*: See how you words come  
current. I give place.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Proceed. You do so well, a  
change of voice

Breaks in unwelcome.—Friends, take here what  
ease

You will. I some few moments with some friends  
Am kept within. Men's meeting make it, will you?

*(Exit Anne Hutchinson.)*

*Stoughton:* Paul to a "church within thy house"  
sent greeting:

How's this for one gone out of doors?

*Bellingham:* Perchance

Under such trees, though near a river's brink,  
Lydia first heard that Paul.

*Dudley:* But asked him home.

This church is out of doors indeed, and in  
Our streets and homes, defiling half the tongues  
That swash with her foul flow of speech.

*Bellingham:* By what street did you come? There  
floated out

To me the hymning of some thankful praise  
Mellifluently. Whose ears that hear tell tales.

*Dudley:* No praise, believe me, garlanded our brows  
Within these courts to-day. And only now  
The songs of those we met lisped other words  
Than gratulations. Wiser matrons say

That her too artful speech against the church,  
Against our ministers, and lately too  
In derogation of our General Court,  
Hinders not us alone who build the State,  
But those whose care it is to rule the home.

*Coddington*: What new inveigling threatens now our  
Court?

*Dudley*: In saying that the Spirit alone should  
guide:

That whoso seeks to rule mistrusts His power.

*Bellingham*: There yet is left realm wide enough for  
us.

*Dudley*: Save Cotton, whom long friendship may re-  
lease;

And Wheelwright, who bears curse of kith and kin;  
None of our clergy are exempt. And Vane,  
Whose natural feelings join him to her cause,  
Alone of us escapes aspersions.

*Aspinwall*: Then,

Unlike the boughs that arched Gangites' marge  
And served for shelter, these resemble more  
The fragrant hyssop springing from the wall,  
Sprinkling the unclean. Until the evening, wait:  
We then shall all be cleansed.

*Stoughton*: But Asp-in-wall,  
Let not you sting the boughs.

*Bellingham*: Nor fear thou, lest  
Some misdirected word may harm our Court;  
Not others' words, but our own deeds, can harm.  
And for our clergy,—well, let this one say.

*(Enter John Wilson, reading from a book.)*

*Wilson*: No, let me read. For I am more hotly driven with the racy periods of the book in hand, than familiar with the halting topic of your conversation. Join with me, and take hold on these bits, will you? How is this for the Simple Cobbler of Agawam? Attend. "My heart hath naturally detested four things: the standing of the Apocrypha in the Bible; foreigners dwelling in my native country, to crowd our native subjects into the corners of the earth; alchemized coins; tolerations of divers religions, or of one religion in segregant shapes."

*Aspinwall*: Oh, but see how he runs them thro' with his shoemaker's awl! But I fear the thread of his discourse may not hold.

*Wilson*: It holds remarkably well. "Beseech you, attend:

"Poly-piety is the greatest impiety in the world."

*Aspinwall*: Whew!

*Stoughton*: Whist!

*Wilson*: "To authorize an untruth by a toleration of State is to build a sconce against the walls of Heaven, to batter God out of His chair. It is said that men ought to have liberty of their conscience, and that it is a persecution to debar them of it. Let all the wits under Heaven lay their heads together and find an assertion worse than this (one excepted), I will petition to be chosen the universal idiot of the world."

*Aspinwall*: I think the cobbler's petition will be quite unnecessary.

*Dudley (interestedly)*: Who is this writer?

*Wilson*: Inscribes himself as the Simple Cobbler of Agawam.

*Bellingham*: Good evidence of his standing in Agawam; and the book seems the petition for the universality of his standing.

*Dudley*: Well, to my mind, there is more soundness here (*taking the book in hand,*)

Than you might think would grace a crispin's lines.



The force and racy frankness of his style  
Give them a happy setting, and our theme  
A novel strength.

*Aspinwall*: Sole-leather toughness, call't.

*Stoughton*: Tough and unrelished, some yet may  
swallow it.

*Dudley*: In good sincerity I, friends, insist,  
Though there be that suggesting the bizarre  
In clothing of his thought, there yet is heat  
Of meditation, luminous with truth.

*Aspinwall*: Then haply may we all make light of it!

*Stoughton*: The only light some get of any truth.

*Dudley*: Oh, let me cry you, Peace! This is not  
time

For jesting out a way to prophet's goal.  
Play not with truth aswing 'twixt fair and foul,  
Like children at bob-cherry.

*Coddington*: That's well taught:  
Who broach great themes should be considerate.

*Bellingham*: Agreed. This open forum cut loose  
restraint.

*Wilson*: Did not your other forum do the same?

*Stoughton*: How?

*Wilson*: Well, the bow that's drawn at venture slays,  
If Heaven direct the shaft.

*Aspinwall*: And bear the blame.

*Dudley*: We cheerfully take that.

*Bellingham*: Suggestive words:  
Some Jews that darkened Calvary voiced them too.

*Wilson*: Your Court has summoned Williams. Once  
again  
Your random arrow fails. When Ahab fell,  
The archery of Providence prevailed,  
Where human skill was helpless; here the bow  
Bends feebly, falsely charitable. From such  
His arrows never fly.

*Dudley*: We are condemned.  
Not by my wish or suffrage is he called,  
Not summons but departure is his debt;  
Which long unpaid, sternly we should exact.

*Coddington*: But, Wilson, is our charity so false  
That would restrain this man; whom if we send  
Again to England, will our Colony there  
So place in disrepute; and advertise  
That here, where we have sought to make the State

A refuge and asylum for what souls  
Would freely worship God, we build in vain?  
We have a name to live we dare not smirch:  
Our fortunes here enjoin our favor there.

*Stoughton*: No, England's favor is not our chiefest  
care.

*Wilson*: The safest title to that fame abroad  
Is peace at home; which will not come, nor can,  
With discord fanned within (*to Dudley*). The  
book you hold  
Supplies no code indeed, and yet incites  
To wary watch, yea and to action too,  
Lest he of Salem or this Nonesuch Anne  
Yet be the shameless rock of our offense.

*Bellingham*: That other Book you hold, at least  
proclaims  
A milder spirit; says, "Put up thy sword:  
My kingdom's not of flesh, else mine would fight."

*Wilson*: Oh ho! Compare, "Contend ye for the  
faith  
That was delivered;" mind the Apostle too  
Withholding not the dread anathema,—  
"An-athema"? Why sir, 'tis made for her!

(*Making as if to go.*)

*Dudley*: Let not our toleration mar His church,  
And rend His seamless coat. (*To Wilson*) Your  
book, with thanks. (*rising*)

*Bellingham*: To rend a seamless coat? Ah, were  
that all!

The coat is not the spirit of the man.  
Look well, thou pierce not thro' the veil of flesh,  
Nor bind thy thorns upon the suffering brow.

*Dudley (unheeding)*: "Let men of God in courts and  
churches watch  
O'er such as do a toleration hatch,  
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice  
To poison all with heresies and vice."

*Wilson*: We must not stay, nor argue with her here.

(*Excunt Dudley, Wilson, Stoughton.*)

*Aspinwall*: Not on her grounds, but on their  
grounds, is why.

*Coddington*: They fear this woman. Well they may,  
since she

Their persecuting spirit so arraigns.  
Their ban on Williams, which occasion stays  
From execution, must ere long light here.  
Her hand is heavier on them than is his,  
Since she in Boston lives, and strongly wields

From week to week her power. Her words prevail.  
She teaches here that which our clergy taught  
In England, (other rights breed other wrongs!) ;  
And they who there fought well to break the power  
Of clergy, which with temporal rule combines  
To ill affect, as witness then ; when with  
That power invested would defend, as now,  
Its right. Her shrewdness haply may forestall  
Whatever wish they bear ; and will, if Vane  
Let not their favor strengthen at his cost.  
She comes.

(*Re-enter Anne Hutchinson.*)

*Bellingham*: (*To her*) Men's meeting adjourned, ere  
your return.

*Aspinwall*: Or broke in some confusion.

*Anne Hutchinson*: What? Are men,  
Who frame the laws and teach the Gospel, those  
The law and Gospel least can keep in hold?  
And why confusion, pray? "For God is not  
The author of confusion, but of peace,  
As in all churches of the saints," says Paul.

*Aspinwall*: Their argument begins where yours had  
pause.

*Anne Hutchinson*: And where?

*Aspinwall (amusedly)*: Does not that Scripture then enjoin

Silence upon the women in those churches?

As if to say such were the pledge of peace!

*Anne Hutchinson*: Oh, that! I have not spoken in such churches,

Nor will. Surely they grant I may speak here,

Within my gates, to those who freely come?

It is not I can filch their favor, sirs;

That Word they feebly preach cries strongly where

I merely lisp upbraidings.

*Bellingham*: Clearly so.

*Coddington*: Two things our Colony seems struggling to,

These men most helping. First, a novel state

Restricted to an aristocracy

Of non-dissenting creed; and then a church

Of forced support, submissive to the rule

Of clergy—good men, worthy men, but still

Men who resisted forms of like constraint

When theirs the faith those forms coerced. Who knows,

Their forms may not develop to a Laud?

*Anne Hutchinson*: What else than forms, where formal piety

Alone abounds? They who deny the Spirit;  
And rest their faith on evidence of morals,  
Delight in formal worship, men's assurance;  
Cannot be spiritual. A covenant  
Of works is theirs—worse than no covenant.  
The covenant of grace they have not known,  
Nor can, because the Holy One confirms  
Those only whose foundation is secure,—  
His own, who have this seal, "the Lord knoweth  
Them that are His."

*Bellingham*: Be not an Elijah to us,  
Diminishing God's number.

*Anne Hutchinson*: He that first  
By his upbraidings seemed so to diminish,  
The more increased them. Let me follow there.  
Still, not reprovings is my care or joy;  
I grow no censure for the thistles borne;  
But only care lest sluggards be at ease.  
"The lips of righteous men feed many;" but, "where  
No vision is the people perish." Think  
How Jeremiah spake. God said, "Stand, speak,  
Diminish not a word, (my pastors err);  
If so they hearken, well; if not, my curse."  
He gave the word; those erring pastors said,  
"This man is worthy death: he prophesied

Against our city." Jeremiah rose  
In manly courage, said, "The Lord hath spoken,  
Therefore amend your ways and doings now,  
Obey the voice of God, He will repent;  
But as for me, behold me in your hands:  
Do ye as seemeth good to innocent blood."  
You know their evil hands were that day stayed.  
—Brethren, I count me much unworthy aught  
Of prophet's part; but speak whereof I know,  
And can but speak the things oft seen and heard:  
If men forbid, One only is my Judge.

*Coddington*: I think you must prevail. The clergy,  
true,  
Bear illy the tense strictures you enforce;  
They must be reckoned with. The people still  
Increasingly adhere; these count for most.

*Bellingham*: I trust there may be no opposing  
strength  
To strength alone; but more a pressing on  
To common goal, though winds diverse contend.  
For while there may be some whose lighter craft  
Must edge and bogue before contrary winds;  
We band of pilgrims, undismayed, must see  
Our close-hauled vessel, cutting wind and wave,  
Make yet good board. We hold a bill of health



Assures us, and should not grow fearful from  
The first sea-sickness on our ship of state.  
Not ever on calm seas we hope to ride ;  
For who can take the wind from wave, save One  
Whose voice is peace? And ofttimes faithless  
    hearts,  
Instead of winds, it is, He would rebuke.

*Anne Hutchinson*: You voice a hope I wish my heart  
    might feel.

But when I think of Williams and your Court,  
Observe how Vane is hindered every step,  
And see the church a barrier to the truth  
That here should run and have free course ; I fear  
Lest in these lashings of the waves we find,  
Not chastened wisdom only, but some wrack.

*Aspinwall*: Contrary winds less than contrary crew  
    Alarmed Columbus. Vane may find the like.

*Coddington*: I rest less easy there than here. But  
    we,  
Good hostess, may not tarry.—Shall we go?

*Bellingham and Aspinwall*: We must indeed.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Your counsel has been good ;  
    Let there be more when leisure serves.

*Bellingham*: Our thanks.

*(Exeunt Bellingham, Coddington, Aspinwall.)*

*Anne Hutchinson goes within. Her two little daughters have entered, and are to be seen, near an arbor. They come forward.)*

*First Daughter*: I think I am rather tired of their meetings. I wish our lawn could be free.

*Second Daughter*: Yes, Faith, I wish we might keep it for our play. *(After a pause)* You know I do not like to hear those men talk; sometimes they are angry, I think.

*First Daughter*: They only seem so, I guess. Still, one man, that went out first, must have been so.

*Second Daughter*: As we came here?

*First Daughter*: Yes. That was Mr. Dudley; and mother doesn't like him, I think. She says his talk is too snappy; and I told her perhaps he was like a click beetle, snapping to set himself aright.

*Second Daughter*: I like it quiet best. *(After a pause)* Do you remember how, a while ago, the robins played here, and sang? I liked their meetings best. And you remember that song we had of the robin?

*First Daughter:* Yes, let us sing it.

*(They sing)*

The greensward drank the robin's song,  
And found it dew and sunshine to it;  
And they that listened found ere long,  
With life his music could endue it:  
For mignonettes and clover-blooms  
Breathed victory soon o'er winter tombs.

*(Enter Vane, from street, and listens. When they observe him, he advances.)*

*Vane:* What hermit-thrush sings here?

*Second Daughter:* Oh, Mr. Vane, we are glad you are come.

*First Daughter:* You should say, Governor Vane, Grace.

*Second Daughter:* *(coyly)* Are you Governor Vane?

*Vane:* I hardly know, little one, whether I am.  
Sometimes I wish I were not, and were as you,  
Care-free, and thinking of the robin's song.  
But call me what you wish, I've names for you.

*Second Daughter:* What are they?

*Vane*: Oh. big words for little folks—

A Keren-happuch, child of beauty, she;

Jemima thou, full handsome as the day.

*First Daughter*: These must be new!

*Vane*: Oh no, but old. You know

Job had some daughters, these the names of two

Who brought him comfort after he was tried.

Ye are the ones to bless this day to me.

(*Re-enter Anne Hutchinson.*)

*Anne Hutchinson*: I knew that voice, and could not  
stay within.

*Vane*: These voices brought me, from my homeward  
way,

To listen. When the Arab hears a song

He much delights in, straight he takes to wine,

That in his glass he may his favor measure;

And oft, they say, his praise so overflowing,

Ingluts the mind, that surfeit drowns for him

Appreciation, and shuts off his praise.

How better is it thus to lose the song

Only in capture of the singers!

*Anne Hutchinson*: They

Quite willingly are taken, and I fear

Are one more burden to a heavy day.

*Vane*: No more than was their robin to the lawn.  
Without their cheer the day a weary close  
Had seen; for troubles have increased.

*Anne Hutchinson*: I know;  
The men were here; I learned then of some cause  
Why care intrudes.

*Vane*: I saw them going hence.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Three others earlier went. From  
Dudley's mien,—  
I stayed not by, lest nerveless at his speech,—  
One might feel sure that care would touch the one  
That must oppose him.

*Vane*: Then, was Dudley here?

*Anne Hutchinson*: Yes, he with Stoughton; then  
came Wilson too.

*Vane*: You heard them not?

*Anne Hutchinson*: Not them; but plainly saw  
They bear a will must teach you to be brave,—  
Brave for occasion, as now brave at heart.

*Vane*: Pray that I shall. I know a struggle comes;  
How great, far-reaching, and with what result,  
Unknown; but one that seems to me a strife  
Where firm religious peace should reign; a feud

Within the courts of state ; and, worse, a stand  
Where action's either issue fails of praise—  
Such credit as I feel could nerve me most,—  
Since not on alien but fraternal ground.  
Yet, surely, there is ever left some course  
For honest valor ; this I mean to find.  
Our business we must fashion to the truth,  
If times permit, ourselves unhelpt with *if*.

(*Going*) : The Cottons will be waiting.

*(The two girls, who meanwhile have been near, the older busy with some flowers, the younger with Vane, now bid him their goodbyes. The one hands him some carefully selected flowers; the other has him wait while she brings some.)*

*Anne Hutchinson* : Your desire,

I well believe, will prosper as for you ;  
The business of the State, our times constrain  
To doubtful courses ; and we can but trust  
The welfare of our Colonies may yet  
Advance to truth.

*Vane* : God grant !—Thanks, little ones.

*(Exeunt ; Vane passing out to street, others within.)*

## ACT SECOND.

Scene V. Salem. A Public Place.

*(The militia, on parade, are intercepted. The crowd taunts them, because of ensign. Much excitement. The Colonel seeks to secure an advance, but the mob prevents. Fighting. Enter, from a street, Endicott, and another Citizen.)*

*Endicott:* Peace, ho! What brawl is this?

*Citizen:* Look, where they fight!

*Endicott:* Sirrah, the cause?—Ah, 'tis the flag, they cry.

*Citizen:* Our town militia!

*Endicott:* And our freedom's guard!

Well may they taunt! This rag of papist shame  
Too long has cursed our streets. Who does not  
dare?

What? Shall we have a Romish clout to wave  
In sky too blue for Error's mask of night?

No, no! I'll fight!—We will not bend the knee  
To bones of saints, and relics of the dust,  
Who serve a living God. His saints are here!  
They fight His battles yet!—Down, Talcott, down!  
—Then, rush we in!—Stand back!

*Citizen:* Alas, the deed!

*(The ensign is seized by one, Talcott, and borne to Endicott. They advance, the crowd fighting back the militia.)*

*Endicott:* Now out, thou popish emblem of St. George!

And thou, be witness to a better cause!—

St. George may back to Rome. This ensign says,

We knife the saint that would bring Rome to us.

Colonel, your flag! *(Great applause.)*

*Colonel:* Sir, this was England's flag:

You shall repent! How dare you heap insult?

*(Cheers, hisses.)*

*Endicott:* The King should choose his colors with his wits:

If color-blind, then let him feel this gap.

*(Exeunt Colonel and Militia.)*

—Friends, brethren, no dishonor do we intend

To true authority. The hand we lift,

Against the blot, and not the ensign's honor,

Is meant. Remember the dragon's fate, and him

Seen in the Apocalypse whom sainted men

Must brave. Who will? *(Loud approval)* Looks

it not worthier now? *(Holding ensign to view)*



White rose and lily, men's purest emblems, oft  
Have crimsoned to know the wearer. Must the  
Cross

Its fairest meanings lose?—The dragon's blood  
Is in't. (*Throwing cross down, it is torn by the  
crowd.*)

—Ye fight the fight of faith, saints all!

(*Exit Endicott, followed by approving crowd.*

*Others, a few, remain.*)

*First Citizen:* Dare-devil and hero are to some eyes  
akin.

*Second Citizen:* This were a shame which wrought  
by rabble hands

Would merit strong rebuke. But violence  
Still less becomes the magistrate. When thus  
A known exemplar of the people's law,  
That should their rights defend, their will express,  
Shall arm himself to beat their scepter down,  
What must we fear?

*Third Citizen:* We dare not let this deed  
Fly as our colors.

*First Citizen:* Set it at half-mast.

*Third Citizen:* A signal of distress? Sea-sickness  
only,

The Court will answer, and find its bill of health  
To silence you.

*Second Citizen:* If that can cover all  
The voyage of our ship of state, the Court  
Outcertifies the faith that Heaven warrants.

*Third Citizen:* Our lower courts annul the higher  
Court  
Ofttimes. We suffer while th' appeal is stayed.

*Second Citizen:* Still, since we cannot bring that  
whisper down,  
And make it as a trumpet to dead ears;  
Since we must rather urge our whisper up,  
Thro' prayers, or tears, and broken arguments,  
To where our faint persistent pleadings may  
Touch the compassionate Throne; we shall do well  
To make the findings of our Court at least  
Such broken argument.

*Third Citizen:* Our tears—your prayer.  
Well.—Here, what word bring these?

*(Enter two of the militia.)*

*Second Citizen:* How came this fight?

*First Militiaman:* It came, sirs, not from us. The  
usual order

We had observed. It was our training-day,  
The ensign now as always led our steps;  
But certain men have dared dishonor it  
Before and often. To-day their crime is done.  
We find that Roger Williams spurred them to it.  
You know that hater, how he sees a crime  
In any harmless thing, i' the very face  
Of innocence itself.

*Second Citizen:* I doubt it not;  
We might have known his hand was in it, true.

*Second Militiaman:* And into trouble he. For they  
have sent  
To apprehend him.

*Third Citizen:* If his foolish flock  
Permit.

*First Citizen:* He has been often warned, a man  
Forbidden of Court.—But what of Endicott?

*First Militiaman:* He is your magistrate; look you to  
him.

(*Exeunt Militiamen.*)

*Second Citizen:* We see now who did instigate the  
crime,  
Who hanseled it. What say you? I propose  
We go forthwith, make out reports of same,

Indicting both, to Boston post them ; then,  
Our hands are clean.

*First Citizen:* Agreed.

*Third Citizen:* Let us go straight.

*(Exeunt Citizens.)*

*(Curtain.)*



ROGER WILLIAMS.



### ACT THIRD.

Scene I. Boston. House of the General Court.

*Vane*: Our minute business done, we listen now  
To some communication out of Salem.  
Will Secretary Nowell please to read?

*Nowell (reads)*: "To the Honorable, the General Court, Greeting: We, hereinafter subscribed citizens of Salem, voicing as we believe the sentiment of our townsmen of the better sort, respectfully salute you.

We regret to report that, at the late training-day of our militia, a mob intercepted them in drill, and that in the struggle which ensued our magistrate, John Endicott, violently seized the ensign, and dishonored it by cutting therefrom the red cross of St. George.

We also regret to report that this action of the mob seems to have been instigated by our Salem pastor, Roger Williams.

Believing that such actions bring discredit upon our community, and are a dishonor to the colors of our dread Sovereign; and that the safety of our peace and honor so demand, we hereby humbly pray: first, that Mr. Endicott be dealt with as your honorable body shall think best; and moreover, that the ban now standing against Roger Williams be so enforced as to require his

speedy removal from us.”—This, Sir, is the communication, which same bears the names of certain worthy men of Salem.

*Vane* (after a pause of evident anxiety):

We await your pleasure, brethren.

*Winthrop*: Word of this

Brings no surprise, or little. But, regret  
Attends it.

*Dudley*: Ill attends it, brethren, unless

It may now serve occasion. For, regret  
Has served this Court, has served our church, and  
served

Our every deed so long, we honor it;  
When it, with timely turn, should honor us.  
Regret to shame, regret to mastery,  
Are two paths quite diverse: choose which you will.  
True, as regards a likely sequence of  
That humbled cross, there may arise a fear  
Lest, not the papist rent, but ensign's loss  
Report us as disloyal to the Crown;  
The more as Endicott is of our Court.  
We would do well to clear us of such blame.  
But as for Williams,—we purge us now of him,  
Once and for all, or else we stand betrayed  
To every smiting hand of discontent.



I call for reading of that just resolve  
Which passed our Court, but long unheeded, stands  
Our just rebuke.

*Vane*: The Secretary will read,

*Nowell (reads)*: "Whereas, Mr. Roger Williams hath broached and divulged divers new and dangerous opinions, against the authority of magistrates, as also wrote letters of defamation, both of the magistrates and churches here, and that before any conviction, and yet maintaineth the same without retraction; it is therefore ordered, that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing."

*Haynes*: Since I summed up the case, and spoke the verdict,

When first the ban was ordered; I may now  
Briefly recall, and newly urge that plea.  
His hand in Salem's insurrection shows  
An Ishmael-likeness in revolt from State  
Demands apportionment of Ishmael's lot.  
Four charges, from a mass of evidence,  
Gave warrant to expulsion. First, attack  
Upon our charters; then, denial of right  
To share an oath or rights of worshipping  
With unregenerate men; his Baptist voice

That cries, "Repent the sin of English Church  
Communion;" lastly this, we magistrates  
Are without right to punish breach of laws  
Pertaining to beliefs. These errors we  
Cannot but count subversive of our good.  
Three times ere this our Court has moved against  
him,  
And ever with great care. Our leniency  
Let slip the urging of this ban, when that  
His illness interfered; but he no less  
Has urged, to our discomfort, his appeals.  
To-day let there be no uncertain voice  
To call for swift enforcement of this act.

*Bellingham*: A lenient way was good; a tolerant  
way—

The way of charity and trust to truth—  
Were better. Else, why left we English homes?

*Dudley*: We ever would deny, that since we came  
As separating brethren, to seek out  
Within these irksome borders a new soil  
In which to plant our faith, we therefore give  
To every hand to plant whatever seed  
His erring taste may choose. We not deny  
The right to do as we have done. Let go  
This man, and all who would dissent. It is,  
As our good Cotton hath so wisely said,

Enlargement, not confinement, we impose.

*Bellingham*: The imposition is the wrong we do.

We freely came, nor question he may go  
As freely. But to drive is taking path  
May lead us to a custom of dismay.

*Cotton*: We follow, not establish, precedent.

Recall how from the first we set those forth  
Who were unmeet for habitation with us.  
One Thomas Morton, we drove hence, and burned  
His house; again, six souls at once we sent  
As unacceptable; two others, then,  
For their contempt of Court, we sent away;  
And Philip Ratcliff, whose malicious speech,  
In scandal of the law and church at Salem,  
Cost him some forty pounds, with loss of ears,  
We banished; and a Henry Lynn was whipped,  
And sent away, for writing into England  
Against us here. These paid a penalty  
As hard, for crimes not worse, as you exact  
From Williams. I regret the need, regret  
That I am led so now to voice that need,  
Of his departure. Be it so. The price  
Is not too great, we trust, to pay for peace.

*Dudley*: This were small payment; is, I fear, the  
first

Of others heavier far.

*Vane*: You purchase now

By method will bankrupt your treasury  
Of men; and if it bring a peace, will bring  
That peace which follows on that warning word,  
"My Spirit shall not always strive with men."  
Ev'n so. As many as will reaffirm,  
And now enforce, this order of your choice,  
Will stand to witness to such covenant.

*(They stand; Coddington, Bellingham, and two  
others alone dissenting.)*

—The ear of Malchus lopped, the time yet serves  
A further thirst of Peter's sword.

*Haynes*: But, Sir,

'Twas for the Kingdom's right that Peter dealt  
That blow.

*Bellingham*: Was it? or for his fear?

*Haynes*: Fear stands

One sentinel, at every kingdom's gates,  
Without it oft rash armies would intrude;  
It guards the church, its chancel, altar, desk;  
It stands to safeguard every mart of trade;  
It waves a warning hand thro' every law;  
It drives the helm upon the surging seas;

Its pallor captains every battlefield;  
Its still small voice rules every worthy life.  
Need we lament it sentinels our Court?

*Vane*: Now speaks Elihu, and the spirit in him,  
Denying, "Days should speak," says, "Breath of  
God  
In man is voice of God." Blow on, O winds!  
The voices of our counsel darken all.  
The Ancient of Days may yet demand of us  
That we gird up our loins, and be true men,—  
Since we cannot voice Him.—Your pardon,  
Haynes;  
You have some measure to commend for action?

*Haynes*: This,—and it needs our care, lest fear  
denied,  
Too strong or gentle be our dealing now.  
The course of Endicott we much regret;  
Not that we think his act was wholly wrong,  
Or meant as breach of loyalty to Crown;  
But rather an expression of dissent  
Against that papist emblem, which we too  
Dislike. Mistake it was that in such mob  
One of our number should have taken part.  
If we shall make some minute to absolve  
Our Court from blame, admonish Endicott,

And disenable him as magistrate  
For some brief term; we shall set things to right  
To English eyes, and quiet Salem's broil.

*Bellingham*: This meets approval, as I think, save that

Our Haynes that frightened at a papist flag,  
Waves word to view that bears an equal blame.

*Vane*: We can "absolve" the word, as now the Court.

If such the action you would now confirm,  
Absolving us, dealing admonishment,  
And disabling till our Court may choose,  
Let this be now thus formally approved.

*(All rise. As they are seated, enter Hugh Peters and John Endicott, who now take their places.)*

—Other communication out of Salem  
Is now in hand! Can Secretary read?

*Norwell*: The characters are large, but foreign, Sir.

*Vane*: One rather more so we have sought to make.

—This, Endicott, the meaning of these plays.  
Our Court, while bearing you the wonted grace,  
Has heard, with some misgivings, of your part  
In Salem's uproar; and, to clear the Court

Of likely blame, thought best deny that we  
Approved the act. They also deemed it meet  
That you be disenabled some brief time,  
As pledge of our sincerity in this.  
I cannot ask you, as some courts might do,  
"Have you good reason why such sentence now  
Be not pronounced?" since, ere you entered, that  
Was done. Still, we would listen to your word.

*Endicott*: 'Tis true I lifted hand against St. George,  
And openly. I chose the day, and not  
As Gideon, who thro' fear did cast, by night,  
His father's heathen altars to the dust.  
Like shame was ample warrant for my deed,  
Without a cloak of night. This my defense.  
If a dishonor rise from honor's path,  
I am content. Nor, brethren, do I blame  
This Court for action in the case. I know  
The need that warrants it. My one regret  
Is, you must share a blame I chose for mine.

*Cotton*: Needless to say, we share the honor more,  
Enact this graceless part for public good,  
And shall be forward to restore the trust  
When time permits.

*Peters*: No blame for Endicott  
Is warranted. Good, that you view it so.

Hasten what time his office be restored.  
But I commend you much for what I learn  
Has just been done, to rid us of the man  
Who moves the people to uneasiness,  
As none else could. That Salem will rejoice,  
Save few, I can assure you. Williams gone,  
And Salem's breeze will quiet into calm.

*Vane*: That work is done, needless enforce it more.  
I take it you will have a summons sent  
Forthwith; that he may come to Boston, whence  
You will secure his passage into England.

*Haynes*: If he come not, as hitherto we found,  
That Captain Underhill, with sloop, be sent  
To fetch him with all haste.

*Cotton*: Agreed.

*Vane*: It serves.

We meet in January term. Farewell.

*(The Court is adjourned. Exeunt all save Vane  
and Bellingham.)*

*Bellingham*: They have an argument will fetch a  
foe:

Where reason could not, sloop and Captain may.  
And is there any smirk can dispossess  
Timid concern, like, "'Tis the common good"?



*Vane*: Whatever claims, in sophistry, men make,  
If seen in clear cold reason, as in good time  
All claims are justly viewed, will give denial  
To juggling minds that wrought such erring  
claims.

These know, as we, that liberty of soul  
Is what they fear, lest somehow truth may fall  
In open conflict, as their form of truth,  
Truth's effigy, well might. But, if they will  
So work out their salvation with a fear  
That lets not God work with them, then He will  
So work against them, as to bring Him near,  
A Presence that no stumblings can quite lose.

*Bellingham*: Still these, our stumblings, make a  
troubled path  
To travel.

*Vane*: True; but wisdom's path is not  
For every foot, but few.

*Bellingham*: And their feet find  
The thorns that others cast.

*Vane*: Such buffetings  
We haply need: the Perfect Life had such.  
—You must be going? I need tarry; for  
The Captain of the Hector, whose curt mate  
Comes not to answer to our charge, sent word

He would here speak with me. Time is our ships  
Be dealt with strictly ; they too much presume.

*Bellingham*: True, bring them front ; and let them  
scent our rod.

*Vane*: I shall not shilly-shally ; he must come.

(*Exeunt.*)

### ACT THIRD.

Scene II. The Same. At the Wharves.

(*A vessel, the Hector, is seen at anchor, with the King's colors. Also certain other boats. Some of the men on shore. Excitement.*)

*Enter a Marshal and four Sergeants.*

*Marshal*: A hubbub, ho !

*First Sergeant*: They will be rough ; have care.

*Marshal*: How now, good boatswains, mates ? what  
ails this restless crew ?

*First Boatswain* (*supported by confused cries*): You  
come to take him, eh ? Take him, you take us all.

*Marshal*: Quiet, men, quiet ! We have here our  
authority.

*Second Boatswain*: Whose ?

*Marshal*: Our Court commissions us; we serve their order.

*First Boatswain*: You corsair crew! You see that flag? There's our defense. (*Many confused cries.*)

*Marshal*: Your flag is our flag too.

*Second Boatswain (derisively)*: Why not display it, then? You can't produce one, say?

*Marshal*: No more of this.—Your Captain gives his order too.—Where is his mate?

*Third Boatswain (and others)*: Pull in, pull in!—The flips, our Captain did!—Hold on, old pegs! No, no, you pass not here.

*Marshal (to First Sergeant)*: Go, fetch the Captain hither.—

(*Exit First Sergeant*) He is not far; you may believe his word.

*First Boatswain*: This crew will stand together. What wrong has Millerd done?

*Second Sergeant*: The Court will answer that; we come to make arrest. Besides, all know what for.

*First Boatswain:* We will bestir the Court, if Millerd go. (*All cry loud assent.*)

*Marshal:* Look you, and they, to that; but this is first.

—Hear now your Captain's word.

(*Re-enter First Sergeant, with Captain.*)

—Captain, your men resist our work.

*Captain:* Pardon, sirs.—Men, take care; these are the Court's officers; let them have way.

*First Boatswain:* What, must Millerd be let go?

*Captain:* The Court has summoned him; it is but right he go and answer them. I have given the Governor my consent to this. I think you have naught to fear. So, be but patient, men; this will come well.

(*Murmurs of disapproval. But the Captain, with Officers, are permitted to pass. They go to vessel.*)

*First Boatswain:* Mates, a scurvy trick, I say. If Millerd goes, beshrew us, if we ought not be-swagger the rabble town to a finish.

*Second Boatswain (with many others):* Ay, we

will!—What possessed our Captain to give them leave?

*Third Boatswain:* The steam of the Governor's punch!

*First Boatswain:* If his works so, we will show him a different brew.

*Second Boatswain:* See what Millerd will say. They bring him there.

(*Re-enter Captain and Officers, with Captain's Mate.*)

*First Boatswain:* Three cheers for Millerd!—Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

—A tiger? Yes, we'll tiger-claw their Court.

*Second Boatswain:* Ha there, my lad! they have given you a round turn.

*Third Boatswain (and others):* Hold her strong, Mate, and we are with you. Let us round in, all!

*Captain:* Quiet, men! Stand back!

*Mate:* Faith, boys, said I a word too much? or more than you have said?

*All:* No, no, not one!—We're with you, mate: take you, they take us all.

*Captain:* Quiet, mate; and men, stand back!

*Marshal:* We will take all, beware.

*Third Boatswain:* Say, do! (*All*) Do!—Here, flop-dudgeon, come.

*First Sergeant:* Just wait our warrants, first.

*Third Boatswain:* Ah, warrants, sure.—Say, pals, what warrant makes him such a josh?

*Marshal:* Stand back!—(*To Sergeant.*) No more!

*First Sergeant:* Josh, booh! A Joshbekashah be the lot of every man of you!

*Second Boatswain:* Whoop! that word's a billy-slip: beware, my lads, your heads!

*First Sergeant:* You wild, bewhiskered, outlawed crew! Be still, you lubberbubs! What make you in such brawl? Humph, every one of you a backward track!

*Third Boatswain:* You're backward now, (*gesturing*), at the ears.

Up, hoofs; hit 'em against this old gray sky. Kerplunk!

Warm up against the East wind: we're not there.

*Captain:* Stand back!—Here's way.

*Marshal:* Captain, there! Flush that loud mouth, and come with us along. Keep back these rash intruders, if you may.

*Captain:* They will be merry. On! They'll have their way.

*Mate:* A holiday trip, good lads. Sure, come along.

*First Boatswain:* That will we, mate. Hector is hero yet.

*(Enter a Citizen.)*

*Third Boatswain:* Old Diggs, jump on our lumbering carry-all; we've found some asses to pull us into town.

*(With wild diorder, the men follow Officers and Captain out.)*

*Citizen:* A rascalion crew it is. There's trouble yet

With these unbridled Trojans on our shore.

*(Enter Captain Underhill, attended.)*

—Hello, Achilles! Some fifth battle here  
Seems raging. Hector fires the fleet; though now  
Inflamed, our Ajax leads them to the Court,  
If there they may be quenched. But, Hector slain,

And trailed in dust about our city's walls,  
Alone would profit,—an event not near.

*Underhill*: Your speech looks Greek: I read but little  
there

In our strict-handed days. But that was wild  
That met me, sure. All troubles go to Court,  
It seems; and mostly they return, not quenched,  
But fanned to fiercer heat.

*Citizen*: Our daily tongue,  
Not Greek, speaks clearly now.

*Underhill*: And too much tongue  
Is much the ailment of our Colony.  
We outdo Babel, in desire to reach  
To Heaven's way; and outdo her confusion.  
Unruly member oft, and mainly when  
Religious ardors lend it faulty zeal.  
They send me now to silence one. It takes  
One sloop of war to each such warring member.  
Our dearth is fleets.

*Citizen*: You go to Salem now  
For Williams?

*Underhill*: Yes.

*Citizen*: Go far to train your guns.  
That best were trained at home. Our harbor turns



A Babel-mandeb, gate of tears, thro' which  
The ships that pass find fated harbor-doom.  
Look, yours ride safely.

*Underhill*: Safely, but for him  
I fetch returning.—But, tongues bayed, our scalps  
Need next attention.

*Citizen*: So?

*Underhill*: The Pequots rise;  
Their dark designs look menacing enough.  
I look to be sent out, on my return,  
To quiet them. But first, this holiday.

*Citizen*: You quite alarm me with this Indian call.  
Return then soon.

*Underhill*: I must be going first.

(*Excunt.*)

### ACT THIRD.

Scene III. In the Forest of the Pawtucket river.

(*A deep snow covers, and a wind moves the trees.  
Enter Roger Williams, slowly, then pauses.*)

*Williams*: I thought a noise had come from yonder  
thicket.

Perhaps not so. Danger is native here.  
Last night the panther's scream startled my sleep;  
Thrice has the tiger yelled; the prowling wolf  
Sounds out each pang of hunger with a howl.  
What tossings on midwinter have I known!  
Hunger and thirst, companions of my vigils,  
Attend me. My escape the Court pursues  
On the wild winter's desolating gales.  
To-day it brightens. Courage steads me yet,  
Though here in wintry forests I may walk,  
A man pursued of men—in conscience free.  
For here I find some ease, a pleasure gained,  
Which were unknown but in such solitudes.  
So driven forth? Then, welcome that decree!  
Better an exile, wandering o'er the earth,  
Where bitter days mark all my pilgrimage,  
Than held in chains of superstitious fear.  
"Banished henceforth"? They are harsh-sounding  
words  
To hold within so sweet a sentiment.  
What are such men that I should walk their ways,  
Or hibernate within their serpent's den?  
These ice-girt trees, by January shook,  
With crackling limbs, have more true sympathy  
Than do such hard unfeeling sort of men.  
Nature is next to God, art twice removed;  
I am one step on, nor will retrace it now.

See how He smiles, if thro' cold coverings;  
It is my comfort, though it should be my last.

*(A stag is seen breaking from the thicket  
beyond.)*

Away in haste? What ill-will frightens thee?  
Has man so lifted up his hand against  
All innocence? O perfect Love, cast out  
That fear! Let terror too be mortal, faith  
Seems so—else lives by spilling blood. This world,  
Where still dread conflict holds unholy reign  
By evil's law, against a feeble right,  
Gives few faint signs of universal peace.  
Alas, that I, my heart torn with its pangs,  
Should seem ordained—but hold, what sign is here?

*(Three Indians advance from a distance. One  
leads, the others tarry behind.)*

The Indian's step is stealthy, and I fear.  
But no, what cause? Here comes no Puritan.  
I'll speak, and trust the venture of their love.

*(Advances. They meet. Salutations. They  
talk, with Indian words and signs. Separating,  
the Indians retrace their steps. Williams returns  
to take up a bundle.)*

They ask me to go hence with them. Kind words,  
Though spoken by the Indian's lips, O Lord!  
Here then were chance to end these chilling cares,  
Find some protection in their sheltering huts,

And share their friendly meal. These I count  
naught;  
But if that I might bring Thy holy Word  
To these lost children of the race of Shem,  
I should be glad. This Word I bare them once,  
And found it joy its tidings to proclaim,  
And see their faces lit with holy awe.  
Reverent and good their thoughts. For they have  
one,—  
So have they told me in my ministry,—  
Wetucks his name, who much resembles Christ.  
They say that he did walk upon the sea,  
Stilled tempests. They have brought me of his  
peace.  
But I must hence, and find that southern tribe,  
Whose home is on the Narragansett Bay:—  
Thither John Winthrop has informed my steps.  
(*Exit.*)

## ACT THIRD.

Scene IV. Boston. House of the General Court.

*Cotton (agitated)*: This order calls for such enforcement, then,  
As can but make this Court rock of offense  
And stone of stumbling to many. It requires  
That all who seem—word alien from just laws—

As dangerous to our Commonwealth, be made  
To quit their sojourn, ev'n with dearest friends,  
At three weeks' expiration,—save indeed  
Some magistrate permitting. This strikes not  
At known offense, but at imputed guilt—  
Folly that will strike back to our worse hurt.  
We hear how Salem now is in uproar,  
We know what anger nurses at the ships,  
We know the dread that now the Indians raise,  
We have such troubles as come nearer still,—  
And will you add this greater? I plead, no;  
Do, and you all but force me to removal. (*Sensation.*)

*Winthrop*: Let us be calm. This measure I present,  
And seek now to make clear. Define we first  
A commonwealth, or body politic,  
As government of such as by consent  
Dwell peacefully at one, for mutual good.

*Vane*: All too unqualified. For, think you, how  
You rule out God's consent. And likewise too,  
If you define a state as such by grant  
Of English sovereign, you need take account  
Of what that grant requires. The state you name  
Might be of Turkish pirates, quite as well  
As Christian men. All pagans, infidels,

Even the Indians here among us, come  
Within your definition.

*Winthrop*: Not at all;  
But if our state rest on our free consent,  
In place of habitation made our own,  
Then no man has the right to make it his,  
Without permission. This we dare affirm.

*Vane*: I know not how that we, who are a state  
By virtue merely of the charter given,  
Can so affirm. And more, it follows not  
That when our own consent is truly built  
On just foundation, that we therefore may  
Enforce such rigid, universal rule  
Upon whoso may come. For we are not  
Our own, whom Christ hath bought with price.

*Winthrop*: But right is ours, defending us against  
That which, we think, tends clearly to our ruin.  
Then clearly may we lawfully refuse  
All such as suit not with us, and would harm.  
But doing this, we must take knowledge first  
Of men, ere we receive them. This is clear.

*Vane*: Is more confused, fallacious. When deceit,  
That never can be strong, would bluster strength,  
It bundles many weak supports in one,  
Parading more its folly. For, what false

Assumption this, that we deny all right  
Of state to purge itself of hurtful men!  
It is not whether knowledge may be taken  
Of men ere we receive them, nor if then  
We may refuse such as may suit not with us,  
Or whom we know much hurtful; (though our  
right  
So to enact is not, cannot be proved);  
But, whether such illimited dissent  
May charitably obtain. For not who seems  
An enemy is ever so. Recall,  
Elijah seemed to Ahab and his court  
A troubler of that commonwealth, who brought  
A three years' famine, eating out the state;  
Yet Israel's magistrates were far from right,  
Denying him; since he to Israel  
Was horseman and the chariot-flames of war.  
Again, the chief priests and the Pharisees  
Gathered a council, said, "What do we, for  
This man works wonders? If we let alone,  
On him will all believe, the Romans come  
And take away our place and nation." So  
They crucified Him—swiftest sort of ban:  
None but the Almighty hand could ever lift.  
Has that Sanhedrin praise of this our Court?  
But, nearer still, here are the Indian tribes,

(Who, by your phrase, are perfect common-wealths),

That think our English footing is to them

A threatened evil—one they now resist,—

Say you that they may lawfully refuse

Our coming? No, for we will trust it tends

To their conversion and eternal hope.

To shut us out were to reject their light.

Should not we do to brethren what we ask

Be done to us by such barbarian tribes?

Perhaps we suit not with their sachem's likes.

*Winthrop*: Surely the one profane less dangerous oft

Is, than the one religious, of large parts,—

And yet confirmed in some erroneous way.

*Vane*: Such man is oft a blessing to his age.

For Scribes and Pharisees we will not plead;

Who walk their ways may better plead for them.

Nor do we plead for those in errors bound—

Only that they be pitied and reformed,

Not bundled off with burden of our wrath.

“On some compassion have, who are in doubt,

Save others, fearful of consuming fire;

Hate naught but garments spotted by the flesh.”

“Let Ishmael dwell, though wild man that he is,  
In presence of his brethren.” Such this Book.



*(Vane rises. Throughout the speech, the Court is seen to be much stirred, and listens closely.)*

—I therefore say, with utmost of restraint,  
My passion only breaking on the rack  
This Court insists providing; that this law  
Is wicked, hurtful,—hatred left to range.  
It leaves these weightier matters of the state  
That touch not deed but conscience, to the frail  
And faulty choice of men. That judgment, God's;  
And priests and magistrates may only judge  
When clearly by His law; else popery,  
With all its gross groundwork of priestly wrongs,  
Has place. Again, the law is most unjust  
As giving license to reject such men  
As are most eminent Christians—if they suit  
Not with your disposition. Christ will find  
Worse entertainment in this Christian state  
Than Isaac found among Philistine hordes,  
Or Jacob with the Shechemites, or Lot  
In that lust-burned, dead city of the plain.  
For none of these denied to His elect  
A place to dwell. “And to the least of these  
Is unto me,” said Christ. Moreover said,  
“Yea, render unto Cæsar Cæsar's right.”  
Yet this a law denies it to our king  
To plant his loyal subjects in his own

Estate ; since some, forsooth, may fear a hurt !  
The hurt is rather in your rigid rule.  
“Forget not strangers” is the voice of Christ,  
“For some have found them angels unawares ;”  
“Drive out the stranger” is the cry you raise,  
“Lest somehow Grace may show where sin  
abounds.”

*(Pauses, as being overcome with emotion. As  
Dudley rises to speak, Vane takes his seat.)*

*Dudley:* Shall we permit to criminate this Court?  
Who calls unchristian, derelict, and void  
Of due solicitude for weal of state?  
Have we not zeal for Zion too at heart?  
God knows how some their vigil-waking nights  
And saddened days fill up with eating care ;  
Lest He may lose from His now scant Estate,  
Among the baser kingdoms of the world,  
This new but favored site. Or so it was,  
Until these stranger hands began to guide  
Their breast-plows of ambition, that uproot  
All chaste and holy plantings, to make way  
For rank and ruinous teachings of their own.

*Bellingham:* What speech most criminales, let all  
observe.

*Dudley:* These ministers of God can well attest

The truth we speak. Some who but lately met,  
In hope to find surceasing from their fear  
Lest damned heresy should thrive at cost  
Would blanch the Cross of crimson, and let stand  
A specter to our gaze. 'Twas all in vain.  
That Cross must let its crimson to our veins,  
Or we shall lose all triumphs of the faith.  
Ruin is near.

*Cotton*: None may deny that now  
Disorder rules, where once democracy  
Of common good and brother-love abode;  
But fact and cause of fact are son and sire:  
A son bears not the father's fault, so here.

*Dudley*: The cause we touch, the fact most touches  
us;  
As parish of each pastor could but tell.

*Bellingham*: But, pray, make not some scapegoat to  
bear off  
Sins that imbrue in common all the flock.

*Dudley*: We might do worse, if God made Israel to.  
The scapegrace of right teaching and true faith,  
Whose heresies unsettle church and home,  
And set vile throats to barking in our streets  
At reputations leagued with public good,

Is whom we need set forth. With safer hand  
Than one, who heedless of the Court's demand,  
Has turned to nearer borders; there perhaps  
To stir the hatred of our Pequot foes,  
And teach them for his politic revenge.

*Winthrop*: No, no; no fear of that.

*Dudley*: We cannot tell;  
But caution tells we armed an alien hand.

*Vane*: Made him an alien first.

*Dudley*: His errors did  
To us, before our safety did to him.  
If safety bid that others, alien now  
From spirit of our aim, be alien too  
From where they may withstand that worthy aim;  
Be safety not denied.

*Vane*: If any think  
To silence truth by setting prophets forth  
That dare to voice a vision quickens faith,  
(Though chrysalis of creed may fall to death),  
He much mistakes God's workings. Alien seers  
May yet send back a voice shall wake their dreams;  
Or else—and this be sadder to all thought—  
“Behold days come,” saith God, “that I will send  
A famine in the land; not want of bread,  
Nor thirst for water, but of hearing the words

Of Him whose prophets ye have slain.”  
“For where no vision is the people perish.”

*Dudley:* And where some visions are the people  
perish.

Our Mistress Hutchinson, as some declare,  
Has had a vision of our humble throne:  
Thereon her husband sat, she at his side  
A prophetess ruled Israel by her fame;  
And we, what humble creatures, did her service!

*Peters:* Pray, tell it not in Gath, nor Askelon!

*Vane:* Ye thither-bound may heed. For ye are sold  
Unto Philistine lords, that will refuse  
The dawning light of truth, though Deborah  
Or Huldah be the bringers-in of hope.  
This humble throne of your pretentious care  
May pass to humbler hedgings, as of old,  
When Israel under Midian chose to seek  
Dens, caves, and rocks, rather than unto God.  
The dark, pale Fear; Faith seeks the open field.  
But hedged and humbled by hard-smiting hands,  
Ye make it once more seen, how patient Truth  
Is fallen in the streets.  
And these our ministers, good men of God,  
Who well have taught us much that we most need,  
Have yet that seeming fear. In their church way,

Of sleuth on heel, they have, forsooth, arraigned  
Our best of men who both in desk and Court  
Seek only good to all. May God forbid  
That I rebuke an elder; yet it pains  
Me much at heart that so in privacy  
Such things are wrought. It seems dark days must  
come;

But, brethren, pray that ye find in them light.  
When David died with vengeance on his lips,  
He voiced a law that Christ has put away;  
And peace I would leave with you, as said He.  
For briefly, brethren, I have letters now  
That call me into England,—business cares  
(*Sensation, upon this announcement.*)

Of nature urging my return; and yet  
As suiting not that all the Court shall know.  
With your consent, I lay this honor down.

(*Confused murmurs of excitement. A pause of  
suspense follows.*)

*Haynes:* I doubtless voice all thoughts, when I ex-  
press

Surprise that such announcement is set forth.  
I cannot understand this action, Sir.  
True, private business is of private will;  
Yet, public duty is a public grant  
Entitles all to know its terms are kept.

Those having both in hand, serve not one only;  
Should most respect the greater.

*Peters:* We regret

This word; and were it not a broken voice  
Expressed it, I should now more boldly say  
A broken faith had prompted. Surely, Sir,  
A strict arraignment of choice spirits can  
But fail of any good. Is Vane so wise?  
Is he our only herald of the light?  
It saddens much these worthy men of God  
That you, Sir, should be jealous of their rights,  
Or seem so to restrain their liberty.

*Vane:* Excuse my speech in that, as sudden, and  
Perhaps upon mistake.

*Peters:* Upon mistake,

Most clearly. What! shall these that dwelt in peace  
Before your coming, less than two years since,  
Who now find aught but peace to stay their hands  
That weary with their work, hear this beside?

*Vane:* The light of Gospel still may bring a sword;  
And children of the bond-maid still may harass  
The children of the free.

*Peters:* Remember, youth

And brief experience in the things of God,

Suit not for pride. Beware peremptory  
Conclusions, which too apt unto, I find  
You now as ever. For, they hinder much.

*Vane*: Nor have I found much that could help my  
task.

Support withheld, motives impugned, and rights  
Of liberty assailed, would drive the iron  
Into the soul. Why hindrance ever, pray?

*Peters*: Hindrance? what say you? Ah, Sir, is not  
this,

To the wise man, sword and way to victory?

*Vane*: Some souls are tempered for peculiar worth.  
Damascus blades, if marvellous tales be true,  
Have cut floss silk, but no rude rocks have pierced.

*Peters*: They blunted not, be sure, at any flesh.

*Vane*: Not mine: the iron, I said, had entered in.  
—Permit me yet some word. Emotion comes  
No frequent hindrance to my words. You will  
More suffer it in youth. Yet not so young  
Am I, that you may charge to private gain  
A single act so immature in grace,  
That it forgets my brethren and their good.  
These letters are in hand; imperative  
The needs of which they speak. Yet, brethren,



know

My worldly ruin, if such be involved,  
Could not alone induce me to depart.  
I freely say, a greater cause avails  
To my decision.—You have cared to lay  
The blame for such dissensions as now rend  
Our Colony, upon who most laments them.  
—The speech you heard but voiced that here, which  
oft  
In whispered gossip, told in season, out  
Of season, helped to waft afar our peace.  
The troubles stand, be reasons what they will.  
And I, who fear lest God may soon bring down  
Some judgment on us all, to chasten us,  
Wish not to linger. Nor the public good  
Can hold, since that most urges my return.

*Haynes:* By no means. Nor were that sufficient  
cause

For you to urge upon this Court release.  
If public good transcend a private gain,  
Still private gain were matter of concern  
That none would quite deny. But if your cause  
Be some mere crotchet, seeking good support;  
We feed no peevish whim, nor can assent  
To act that would so stir the public mind.

*Cotton:* I fear the turn this controversy takes—  
May take, I rather say, unless we heed:  
Let this be warning, not retributive.  
These, Sir, are troubled times, and dangers stand  
Too near without, to nourish more within.  
We have sent men to still the Indian's cry  
Of thirst, that massacre alone oft slakes.  
We cannot, at such time, let public good  
Yield all to private gain; and, need I say,  
I fear a disregard of public good  
In our own zeal is yet more manifest.

*Haynes:* Does Cotton quite forget? I think such  
words  
As these of Vane's, that move us now to grief,  
Came first from Cotton.

*Cotton:* I but spoke some hurt  
Then felt; suggested not my thought. My step  
Were nothing; Vane's would mean unmeasured  
loss.

*Haynes:* Indeed.

*Winthrop:* Indeed, we could not justify  
Such broad impolicy on ground so narrow.

*Vane:* I much resent that charge, though must confess

A ground was given. I too much to feelings  
Put down. The items of the letters stand  
My just rebuke. They seem imperative,  
And I would best obey them, if you will.  
Arrange you for such sequence as may suit  
The time and pleasure of the Court. My need  
Is haste, as yours perhaps a careful step.

*Cotton (after a brief suspense):* Among those times  
for everything, the time  
To think before the time to act, is best.  
Let this be matter for our hearthside thoughts,  
Our evening prayers, and morning's drift of light,  
Or ere we act upon it. I suggest  
That course.

*Winthrop:* A wiser is not seen.

*Vane:* Such seems

The general wish; will such then be approved.

*(They stand, except Dudley, Peters, and a third,  
who are in conversation. A general stir of ex-  
citement follows, as curtain.)*

## ACT THIRD.

## Scene V. The Same.

*(Certain visitors are present, especially of the clergy. A vote having just been taken, the members of the Court are being seated.)*

*Vane:* Thus by your vote, you choose that this day week

The court of your elections shall be held ;  
If, as your kind resolve seemed to forecast,  
Some unforeseen occurrence shall not stay  
This my announcèd wish. I am resolved ;  
And unforeseen indeed must be the hand  
Would hold.

*Cotton:* The strength of Boston's hand is lent  
To stay you from this course. As we well know,  
Mere word of yesterday's proposed release  
Puts Boston in uproar. Our people find  
No ample cause for such unwelcome loss ;  
Nor will permit, save duty shall constrain.  
We still would ask, that ere this date is come,  
Which now is set for such lamented change,  
You heed this uproar, and consider well  
A step so girded by the people's good.

*(Winthrop is seen to re-enter from without.)*

*Vane*: Like David, "It is God that girdeth me,"  
(So I will trust), "and maketh my way perfect."  
He is but poorly led whose girding power  
Shall not reach upward to that unseen Hand.  
Therefore, His providence; my prayer as yours,  
That God may cause His thought to move before  
us,

Not for the honor, brethren, you have done me,—  
Though some have falsely said,—I came to be  
A brother loved of brethren, league of soul  
That knows but One as Master and as Lord;  
But that I might enjoy, in purity,  
The ordinances of our Saviour Christ.  
Before Him I now witness, this alone  
Was all my wish. For this, the accolade  
That left some seal of worldly pomp to me;  
Collegiate honors, for conscience too contemned;  
And such hopes of preferment as held forth  
Their bribe of worldly ease, I counted naught  
For excellency of that knowledge of Christ,  
That ministers to the soul. I boast it not;  
It were as nothing measured by such gain.  
But, brethren, where that gain? You have repaid  
Most liberally, in coin I valued least;  
And have withheld that meed I valued most.  
You honor me,—my gratitude is deep;

Could we but honor Christ, that honor more  
Would overflow all hearts with gratitude.  
This counsels, true, my step; though, as was told,  
My letters out of England urge as well.

*Winthrop*: Your words are fortunate; for I am led  
To wonder if you may not still say on,  
As that Apostle, that "one thing you do,  
Forgetting things behind, still reaching forth  
To things that are before, you will yet press  
To mark, for prize of our high calling in Christ;"  
Though, for this prize, you meanwhile chance to  
know  
"The fellowship of suffering."

*Bellingham*: True, paths  
Of world-power may seem royal in their tread;  
The path of Christ is still for bleeding feet.

*Vane*: I see a logic stronger than I dreamt,  
When I invoked it.

*Winthrop*: But,—I meant to call  
Attention more especially to word  
A sentry brings, that bears directly on  
Our sterner duties, indirectly too  
On question now in hand.

*Vane*: The Court will hear.

*Winthrop*: The sentry stands without; let him be brought.

He brings a token you will care to see.

*(Vane speaks to a Halberdier, who conducts the Sentry in. In the Sentry's hand is a rib of a slain soldier, pierced thro' by an Indian arrow. A sensation results.)*

—A gruesome message, Sir. You wish to know  
Its meaning. Lion Gardiner, our stout,  
Heroic soldier, holding Saybrook Fort,  
In dangers thick, has sent this to our Court  
To tell a story you would not else believe.  
For it is often said, a savage arrow  
Can do small harm. In that false trust we dare  
Commit our soldiers' fortunes in this hour  
Of Pequot peril. This is argument  
Convinces all who have no ribs to lose.

*Peters*: Some think we might lose one, if from a rib  
Our priestess of opinionism sprang!

*(Exit Sentry, attended by Halberdier.)*

*Winthrop*: But, more to purpose, shall we not agree  
Our sentry brings a warning we should heed;  
First, for our soldiers' reinforcement; then  
For ours, that at such time we seek to lose  
All envies, all misprisions, in the care

That duty's trumpet-call find none remiss?

*(Re-enter Halberdier, who speaks to Vane.)*

Doubtless these rivalries have helped to turn  
Our worthy Vane's first faith to faltering zeal;  
And, these forgot, that faith might soon revive.

*Vane:* I learn that some committee from the church  
Awaits admission. Let them now be brought.

*(Enter a Committee of Women, escorted by Halberdiers. The Court stands, then all are seated.)*

—These honored women doubtless have some word  
Our Court should hear. We now will give them  
place.

*Mrs. Coddington:* As a committee from the church,  
we bring

Report from meeting just adjourned. I read:

*(She reads)* "Whereas, we learn with a deep sense  
of disappointment, that our Governor, Sir Harry  
Vane, has announced his intention to depart from  
among us; we, the women of Boston, and your  
sisters in Christ, desire to present to the Court  
this resolution of our protest:

Resolved, that we recognize in Sir Harry Vane, not  
only the civil head of our Commonwealth, but a  
spiritual head and adviser of dearest regard; and



that we would look upon his departure from us as a very sad loss.

Resolved, that we do not apprehend the necessity of his departure upon the reasons alleged; and that we are rather led to hold it as a judgment upon the cold and unsympathetic relations that some have shown towards him, a judgment which we would seek prayerfully to avoid.

Resolved, that this protest, as voiced by the almost unanimous convocation gathered for this cause, be, with all humble regards, presented to the General Court now in session."

—We need no further word, but still to say,  
We humbly trust the Court will heed; that you  
This earnest prayer of sisters, mothers, wives,  
Of those who here decide, may not deny:  
That so our hopes may prosper. We take leave.

*(Exeunt the Halberdiers, followed by the Committee. Vane is observed to be much affected.)*

*Cotton:* Our gentler comrades, in these works of care,  
Reach right conclusion first. Hearts come to vote  
Or ere the upper house of reason can.  
But still we come: I now believe we come.

*Dudley:* Where women's feet once stood in outer  
court

Of Jewish temple, there the Holy Place  
Of God was guarded, and His cherubim  
Stood sentries to the Ark where law was reared.  
Their women nearest hearthside altars then  
That law sustained, their men within the gates.  
I never read His law before her step  
Paraded: once it flamed behind her step  
Presumptive, sending lurid warnings on.  
O that we had their wisdom in their law!

*Bellingham:* The law of Christ, "nor male nor  
female, all

In Him are one." And law is perfected,  
Is comprehended, in the word of love  
Their hearts best know. One dispensation off  
You stand, from where His kingdom's scepter lifts.

*Vane:* Torn by conflicting passions, I am one  
That, to myself, seem to embody well  
Our fevered Colony. A sleepless night  
My "fellowship of suffering" in that prayer  
Of His Gethsemane, held still the cup  
To lips that, may be, were too swift to drink;  
For my will seems outstripping His in this,  
As these good women teach. While Boston's hand

Reached out in strength, as Cotton said, to stay  
Me from resolve, its strength could not avail ;  
But if it be a woman's gentler hand  
Entreating so, I yield. With your consent,  
Who to my wish for parting now have set  
A date, I will withdraw the wish, and say  
I can but be obedient to the church,  
Nor without leave of such in Christ would go.  
I am content to strive to follow on,—  
That Scripture's page!—forgetting things behind,  
That I with you may still press to the mark  
Of prize of His high calling, in our task.  
If you will be thus minded, let us trust  
To Him who is the Author of all peace  
To commonwealths, as unto every heart.  
I feel, moreover, every care should turn  
To putting down the Pequot at our front,  
As first step to that peace ; and would suggest  
Such early reinforcements as are meet.

*(Upon first mention by Vane of his change of intention, there is great surprise shown, followed by an outburst of applause ; from which a few only refrain.)*

Cotton: All hearts will bless this day, and pray for that

When outward rest will join our peace within.

One thing alone is needful now, that we  
Put off that time for re-election, till  
Appointed time in May. I would so move.

*(This action is taken, with a prevailing vote;  
though some few are seen unfavorable. Groups  
in excited conversation, some bearing congratula-  
tions, as curtain.)*

### ACT THIRD.

Scene VI Room in the House of Anne Hutch-  
inson.

*(Before the large fireplace are seated Mrs. Cod-  
dington and Jane Hawkins; near by, the two  
daughters of Anne Hutchinson; at one side, Anne  
Hutchinson is busy with a spinning wheel.)*

*First Daughter (turning the pages of a book):* Lot,  
Elijah, Obadiah, Job,—and who is next, Grace?

*Second Daughter:* Zaccheus!

*First Daughter:* Ah, no; Daniel. Won't you remem-  
ber him?

*Second Daughter:* No, let us put away this "Spirit-  
ual Milk;" I am tired.

*Mrs. Coddington:* Tired of "Spiritual Milk"—of Mr. Cotton's book? Let us see (*taking the book*) "Spiritual Milk for American Babes—for their soul's nourishment—drawn out of the breasts of both Testaments." Ah, what a dear little book, for little folks! Here are pictures of Bible men—not very handsome men, Grace, but very good,—and here are catechisms, my! you shall find all about the Lord's Supper, the Judgment, and all that; and here are some pretty poems, I suppose,—you have read them?—some?—doctrines, and dissertations, and dialogues. What is this one?—yes, a dialogue—"Christ, Youth, and the Devil." I think it is rather scarey, isn't it? Yes, I believe it is.—Read it? Oh, no; you won't need such warning, I hope. You are to be always a good girl, listen to—oh, you know it, do you?—"the conclusion?"—well, let us hear.

*Second Daughter (repeating):*

"Thus end the days of woful youth,  
Who won't obey nor mind the truth;  
Nor hearken to what preachers say,—

*Mrs. Coddington:* Well, I fear that would be rather hard sometimes—they say so much, and such different things.

*Jane Hawkins:* Ah, it would that. It be that way in Boston; and it is false this and false that, and oh, but I fear there be oft a lying spirit in our prophets. There be but one or two that teaches clear.

*Mrs. Coddington:* Go on, Grace; what is the conclusion?

*Second Daughter:* "But do their parents disobey:  
They in their youth go down to hell,  
Under eternal wrath to dwell.  
Many don't live out half their days  
For cleaving unto sinful ways."

*Mrs. Coddington:* You say it well. But, I think Mr. Cotton's spiritual milk is a little too blue for babes, don't you?

—There, your mother will be correcting us, for our mischief.

*Anne Hutchinson:* May be. Take care. But perhaps you are right about that, for I think it is a little blue. Still, many strong ones have been so nourished.

*Jane Hawkins:* More likely this has soured a little, for having been around where pastor Wilson has thundered.

*Anne Hutchinson:* Ah, Jane, you are not hearkening to one preacher. You need take care.

*Jane Hawkins:* Let him aroint! we be not for his hurt.

*Anne Hutchinson:* We hope not, Jane. Yet he is the one seems most to feel our hurt; and who, when late I was called into their conference, sought most some ground of disagreement with me. We must bear him no ill will, though I am sure there is none who bears us more.

*Jane Hawkins:* And such as will strengthen, I say. For the Lord has shown me that *you* be to get their persecutings. You be to get it. It is the way of this wicked world: God suffers it to be.

*Mrs. Coddington:* You are a miserable comforter, Jane. We hope, not so. Our hopes are now again revived, that Vane is stayed; and we look for a more favoring day.

*Anne Hutchinson:* Jane may be right; we may "be to get it," as she says. But if so, let His will prevail; we must follow Him. It may be, however, that other urgent things will turn their thoughts away from us. The Indians are much to be feared; Mr. Endicott's attacks are not

sufficient, it seems, and they are now sending out Captain Underhill.

*Jane Hawkins:* There, they put him in trust, well knowing his sin with the cooper's wife, and yet persecute the innocent. It be a shame upon us, that such men are put in honor.

*Anne Hutchinson:* Oh well, Jane, that was not a religious opinion; and so not so bad, they think. And if the Indians kill him, they are saved that work.—But, with Indians to fear, and the ships in turmoil; with Mr. Hooker's announcement that he, with many others from Newtown, are to depart with the coming of spring; and other such cares,—they may forget us.

*Mrs. Coddington:* And the Fast Day, remember, is now being arranged for, and is meant of them to help quiet our controversies within.

*Anne Hutchinson:* Indeed. But that is rather to be feared. Nothing could be better than such appointed day, if true sincerity might prompt thereto; but who may doubt that here is not a truce, but some further strategy?—But, Mary Dyer comes. Pardon.

(*Enter Mary Dyer.*)



—Ah, why so late? These friends were early here.

*Mary Dyer*: I meant to be, but then I was awhile detained. Soon time for all now, true. Sad incident it was that kept me too.

*Anne Hutchinson*: It was?

*Mary Dyer*: Our poor distracted neighbor, goodwife Baulston, is surely one possessed.

*Mrs. Coddington*: Why, how is that?

*Mary Dyer*: Poor thing, her troubles have unsettled her. You know how she has taken these controversies in the church to heart, and long has been a brooding soul we none could help. Some sin has surely blighted her, or else Satan has gained a strange power within her life. She felt no hope could be for her, at least she found none; and crazed with such suspense she, poor thing, has drowned her babe.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Can it be possible?

*Jane Hawkins*: Aye, that be the Devil sure; she be possessed.

*Mary Dyer*: Yes, drowned, in their well.—And in such frenzy came to me and said, with such cold heart that I never had anything so chill my

senses, "I know now the Lord will damn me, for I have killed my babe."

*Anne Hutchinson*: Distracted quite!

*Jane Hawkins*: The Devil be at work—his deed it be.

*Mrs. Coddington*: I never dreamt her madness was of such danger.

*Jane Hawkins*: They will be accusing our teacher here of some evil power over her.

*Anne Hutchinson*: She was seldom under my teaching!

*Many Dyer*: No, they cannot say it was of your teaching, for she was here but once or twice, and that long ago; and yet she gives as her excuse that she was in despair at being under a covenant of works.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Some would wish to make it so; but it is of her own heart and thought only. Dreadful calamity. Such minds cannot bear these deep but necessary problems of life. It is the wreckage that lies waste upon the tides of all deep passions—sad wastes of life strewing all shores where the storms of this world gather and fall.

*Mrs. Coddington:* True, and none more sad than this, I feel.

*Anne Hutchinson:* But others come without. We must make ready.

*Jane Hawkins:* It be a sad commencement for the hour.

(*Exeunt.*)

### ACT THIRD.

Scene VII. The Seekonk river.

(*A mild day in winter. Enter a canoe, with Roger Williams, and two Companions. They move slowly, then pause.*)

*Williams:* When Winthrop wrote that Narragansett Bay  
Would prove a Salem for more quiet days,  
I had misgivings; yet a hint from God  
I now regard his word; for this does seem  
Peniel, to one hurt of Esau's hand.

*First Companion:* We trust it will be, though supplanter you  
Seem surely not in nature.

*Williams:* No, God grant.

Not from the feeblest Indian would I wrest  
An acre of that heritage God gave him.  
Ousamaquin, good aged sachem now  
Of these Pokanokets around Mt. Hope,  
Gave, as I said, a goodly tract of land  
To East shore of this stream, where we might  
dwell;

But this, I found was fallen in the edge  
Of Plymouth's claim, and I returned with thanks.  
Near here the Narragansetts dwell, best tribe  
Of all the Indian peoples; to their West  
The Pequots and Mohicans, warlike folk,  
Invest the woodlands of Connecticut.  
They now affright that Massachusetts Bay  
That sent me forth, and all our settlements.  
Canonicus is sachem of those camps  
That lie adjoining our Aquidneck shores;  
But he is likewise old, and to his nephew,  
Miantonomoh, he commits their care.  
And in consideration, as they said,  
Of kindness and some service to their need,  
They freely give me all this goodly land  
Between Mooshausick, off some distance there,  
Wanasquatucket, lying thither, and  
Nearby Pawtuxet, flowing in below.  
Some presents I have bargained shall be theirs,

But more my steadfast love. If we may find  
Some goodly site now near where we may build  
A habitation, such but humble homes  
As may well serve our Salem families,  
We shall be happy, friends, and seek to make  
A refuge for such souls distressed in conscience,  
As may hereafter come.

*Second Companion:* Look, Williams, here!

*(On western bank, some Indians appear. They emerge from a thicket, to a large rock near the cove where the canoe is resting. One advances and speaks.)*

*Indians:* Wha-cheer, wha-cheer, netop, wha-cheer!

*Williams:* What cheer!

God grant they bring us that!—"Netop" is friend,  
—What cheer, netop! what cheer, netompavog!

*(The Indians appear pleased, and show favor. Williams and Companions land their canoe, to join them; as a second canoe, with three other of Williams' Companions, appears.)*

—A pleasant cove it is. A What Cheer Rock  
Is this henceforth, in token of their word.

*(Landing, Williams and Indians are seen to converse in their Indian tongue. Curtain.)*

## ACT FOURTH.

Scene I. Boston. Beacon Hill.

*(At early morning. Signal light still visible.  
Certain Watches and Wards are on duty. Enter  
Stoughton and Haynes in uniform.)*

*Stoughton:* Came any word last night?

*First Ward:* None.

*Stoughton:* News is oft  
Best silent.

*Haynes:* True, and more when unprepared,  
As we have been, for worse.

*Stoughton:* Too long.

*First Ward:* You seem  
Provided now for action.

*Haynes:* Yes, the Court  
Sends Stoughton forth to lead renewed attack.

*Stoughton:* Has made Haynes Colonel, too.

*Haynes:* A Justice spoiled,  
To make poor Colonel.

*First Ward:* Justice is advanced,  
If you but deal the Indians well of that.

*Haynes:* I know these more as farthings in our  
trade,

*(Handling some musket balls.)*

Than means to purchase peace in Indian camps.

*First Ward:* Does like command of Court hold there,  
that none

Need take more than eleven at one time?

*Haynes:* It will be plenty, sure.

*(Enter John Wilson.)*

Our chaplain comes.

*First Ward:* Is he turned fighter, too?

*Stoughton:* He ever was,  
As some in fields of controversy well  
May witness.

*Wilson:* Ah, good morning!—fighter, I?  
Well yes, “my hands to war, and fingers to fight,”  
May still be taught. Some preachers choose to go  
On kindlier missions to the Indian. Such

I rather would choose now ; but if they need  
The sterner rod of chastisement, that too  
Has value for tuition. Israel's move  
On Canaan, was not all a preaching to them.  
—Good word from Endicott, betimes.

*Haynes*: What now ?

*Wilson*: Our Court did not commission him in vain.  
He with his ninety men made good attack  
On those Block Island chiefs that captured Oldham,  
And ravaged them with death. He now has joined  
With volunteers come from Connecticut,  
And moves upon the Pequots.

*Stoughton*: Brave! Good news  
To help our reinforcements forth. Who brought  
This word?

*Wilson*: A messenger reached Vane last night ;  
And says that Plymouth's men are furnished forth.

*Stoughton*: 'Tis time we were. (*To First Ward*) See  
that the bugle sound.

(*First Ward removes to another part of the scene,*)

Our men seem laggard. To speak the truth, I fear  
They have—but Dudley comes, and Winthrop.  
These  
Have word, perhaps.



*(Enter Dudley and Winthrop. Bugle sounds.)*

*Winthrop:* Good morning, brethren, all!

Our Captains are on duty; *(to Wilson)* and you, sir,  
Whom choice by lot, we think, elected well

To chaplain them.—But, your recruits are few.

*Haynes:* They gather slowly. More seem coming  
now.

*(Exit Haynes, to another part of the scene.  
Gradually are seen to gather a fair number of  
men, women, and children.)*

*Dudley:* If haply for your service. But I fear  
Lest murmured disaffections may prove true,  
And controversies that have much unnerved  
For other deeds, may likewise hinder now.

*Stoughton:* This I was fearing.

*Winthrop:* Let us hope, not so.

*Wilson:* Where, brethren, will this lead? I was  
more apt

To hearken gladly to the lot that called  
Me to this chaplaincy, that so perhaps  
Brief absence might heal up the deep-cleft hurt  
That so divides my flock; but now, alas,  
Are some, who poisoned in their minds to turn  
Against my teaching, poisoned too against

My helping in this needful work afield?  
What subtle power that dread virago wields!

*Dudley:* It is rank wrong; and yet it may so serve  
To show our greatest fears are not in camp,  
Much as the Indians menace.

*Stoughton:* There is truth  
In that; but little helps it our command.

*Dudley:* I know. None looks more prayerfully than  
I  
For your return in triumphs of such peace;  
Nor, Stoughton, none than you will rather hope  
For our return of peace in church and Court.

*Stoughton:* Assuredly.  
(*Stoughton removes to another part of the scene.*)

*Wilson:* But that can never be  
Till that procuress of division stand  
No longer ministrant within our gates;  
Nor until Vane, who else had won our hearts,  
May cease to borrow counsel from her pride,  
Who proves to Saul a she-Gamaliel.

*Dudley:* Good preaching, Wilson; this hand's cunning works  
To that word's promise. O that Winthrop here

Held now that honor that we let him lose,  
Not knowing our best good!

*Winthrop*: Speak not of that;

I shall not covet it.

*Wilson*: No, but we may.

*Dudley*: And will. The tide now turns to you from  
Vane,

As May brings on a franchise that will tell.

*Wilson*: Release for Vane that he may not decline!

My name they call: what now?

*(The people are seen to be excited. Outcries  
against Wilson are heard. Vane, with Attendants,  
and Cotton, enter. To them, Haynes and  
Stoughton come forward, followed by all.)*

*Vane*: What may this mean?

*Haynes*: Sir, here are men refuse—one half, or  
more—

A service volunteered, because, forsooth,  
The chaplaincy, by lot, has fallen to Wilson.

*Vane*: Why, brethren, how should this their needs  
affect?

*Haynes*: That he is under covenant of works,  
And not of grace, they think.

(*Renewed outcries against Wilson. Cries of "covenant of works," and "legalist," are freely heard.*)

*Dudley*: To this indeed

It comes, that worthy, godly men, reviled  
And buffeted must be, because they dare  
Oppose the spear-thrusts of a wicked schism  
That tears the body of Christ.

*Stoughton*: By soldiers too,  
As first it was.

*Wilson*: Sir, much it grieves me now  
That I am called in question, and of some,  
You see, well known as members of my flock.  
What wrong? or whom defrauded? or what crime  
Immoral, or as touching the spirit of Christ,  
Will these but bring against me, that this shame  
May have some cause, or title of defense?  
I took not to myself this honor, Sir:  
The lot was cast into the lap, the Lord  
Disposed. I am content to lay it down,  
These willing.

*Stoughton and Haynes*: No. et not that be.

*Vane*: But wait.

Why, comrades, 'tis most strange; and more, that  
this

Outcry should come what time there is more need  
Of uniform compliance in the call  
To service, for the safety of your homes,  
Than for attacks in useless controversy.  
These whips of doctrine may each other lash,  
But cannot hurt our warlike common foe.

*First Soldier:* We will not go, Sir, with this legalist.

*Second Soldier:* We dare not walk in covenant of  
works,  
Else God would surely chasten sore our arms.

*(Cries of approval on part of others.)*

*Wilson:* Then, let me not go, Sir; I am content.

*(Some object; others approve.)*

*Cotton:* It is as well. They are resolved.

*Vane:* Well, men,

I firmly think you are at wrong in this;  
But, since a chaplain goes but for your good,  
Without your wish his duty could but fail.  
And he consents to stay. Will you have none?

*(Some call for another choice; more for none.)*

*Stoughton*: Sir, none could suit, if he suits not;  
let none  
Be sent.

*Haynes*: I think it best.

*Vane*: We best delay  
At least, such choice.—Furnish your men at once;  
'Tis time you were embarking.

*Haynes*: True.—(to bugler) "To arms."  
(*The bugle sounds. Men excited; some angered, some sportive. One calls, "How about the covenant of works?" Another answers, "It works well." Laughter. Exeunt Vane, Cotton, Stoughton, and others.*)

*Dudley*: A wrong from which one good, we trust,  
may spring;  
Your help we wanted here—they give it us.

*Wilson*: More ready, Dudley, for such part, am I  
Since this instruction.

*Haynes*: This too teaches me  
Some further resolution. I have hoped,  
I see in some things quite against all hope;  
Henceforth, I would oppose that woman's word  
Relentlessly. Her harvest is the wind.

*Dudley:* The whirlwind rather. Long these winds  
have moaned;

You slept upon them, now they waken fears.

*Wilson:* You saw her in the crowd?

*Haynes:* No, was she here?

*Wilson:* Stood there, that side, and looked serenely  
on;

Delighted doubtless at this tempest-brew.

*Dudley:* Some petrels of the storm outride it not.

*(Exeunt. Crowd is seen dispersing, following  
soldiers, to the right. Enter, from the left, Anne  
Hutchinson and Mrs. Coddington, followed by  
Jane Hawkins.)*

*Mrs. Coddington:* A most unjust reproach.

*Anne Hutchinson:* It cannot touch  
The spirit of one free in grace.

*Mrs. Coddington:* Oh, no.

*Anne Hutchinson:* I nothing knew of this, nor  
thought they would

Bear out my teaching so; but that I taught  
Them this is clear.

*Jane Hawkins:* Oh, very clear.

*Anne Hutchinson:* What wrong  
Some truth may do, in setting things to rights,  
Is no part of one's care. My care is, God  
May purge, and thoroughly, His threshing-floor.

*Mrs. Coddington:* I think He does. The fan is in  
His hand;  
Our Fast Day may see more such winnowed chaff  
Upgathered by the wind.

*Anne Hutchinson:* It hardly will,  
Unless their prayer is, "God be merciful  
To sinners," more than "thank-Thees" of our own  
Self-satisfied, though fasting, Pharisees.

*Jane Hawkins:* Oh, very clear; you teach so very  
clear.

*Mrs. Coddington:* Be quiet, Jane.

*Jane Hawkins:* Lord, hear the publican!

*Anne Hutchinson:* For me, I know not what they  
may devise  
To hurt us yet. The body, not the soul,  
Our worldly goods, and not our true Estate,  
Their angered palms may touch. But more I fear  
Lest somehow they deprive our noble Vane  
Of that brief power wherein our hopes now stand.



*Mrs. Coddington:* We saved him once; he thought  
then to lay down

His task; he now renews it with more hope,  
And ever brings the ardors of his soul  
To bear upon the coldness of the times.

*Anne Hutchinson:* Most true, brave man.—But  
come. A ward comes there.

*Jane Hawkins:* Rejoice it be not chaplain Wilson  
come,

To be your priest and hangman.

*Anne Hutchinson:* Well now, Jane!

(*Exeunt.*)

#### ACT FOURTH.

Scene II. The Same. Within the Meeting House.

(*Congregation seen dispersing, amid confusion and disorder. From pulpit descends John Cotton. Near by, with bowed head, is seated John Wilson. Governor Vane, attended by Halberdiers, and certain Magistrates, are to the front of the pulpit. All but Wilson gather near, as Dudley addresses Wheelwright.*)

*Dudley:* Is this in keeping with our solemn Fast  
That you should take advantage of this hour,

And in his church, before his waiting flock,  
Rebuke our pastor Wilson? God rebuke thee!

*Wheelwright*: These brethren bear me witness, that  
my words  
Were not in bitterness, nor spoken against  
The name of any.

*Dudley*: Names may be withheld,  
And souls of honor not the less assailed.

*Wheelwright*: I spoke in honor of our Saviour  
Christ,  
Whose Gospel ought not tremble on the tongue  
Of any, though to speak smoothe things might oft  
Best make for guilty peace. Your teacher gave  
Occasion for the message, Christ the word.

*Cotton*: I thought it only meet that I should give  
To you, at close of my discourse, that right  
To exercise as private brothers may;  
But little thought you would our holy Fast  
Turn to our worse confusion.

*Wheelwright*: God forbid!

*Dudley*: "Forbid" is past: pray rather, God forgive  
Your rashness, Wheelwright!—Here is Wilson,  
broken

*(Leads Wilson forward.)*

Beneath your words; the hearts of all his people  
Made cold with doubt, he fears, lest he may walk  
In "covenant of works," your rankling term  
Of condemnation. Throw that term away,  
Whose venom'd point outdoes the Indian's hurt;  
Else God will smite you with a sorer curse.

*Vane*: Peace, Dudley, peace! Let Wilson rather  
say.

I cannot see wherein our Wheelwright erred,  
Or who need smart unless his conscience prick.

*Wilson*: Sir, I have ever exercised myself  
To have, as Paul declared, a conscience void  
Of all offense. Nor God nor man condemns,  
By witness of my conscience, any act.  
Yet, Sir, 'tis true the words of Wheelwright hurt,  
And deeply hurt, my spirit. Were it not  
For soothings of that grace which he denies,  
By implication, seals my covenant;  
Or were not sufferance braver than revenge;  
He would not dare to voice so bold rebuke.

*Wheelwright*: Those of that spirit boast not in your  
way.

*Vane (to Wilson)*: If you have borne the seal you  
bear no guilt,

Nor Wheelwright's words can harm. Yourself you  
wrong

In turning to your heart an alien arrow.

*Dudley*: What did the people think?

*Vane*: I know not that.

*Wilson*: Had you sat wincing to their glance that  
told

They knew whom Wheelwright marked, you well  
might know.

*Vane*: Their glance the arrow then, your wincings  
turned

It to your breast.

*Dudley*: And, Sir, it may pierce yours!

*Cotton*: Hold! Let us all a kindly sufferance bear,  
Else we shall wholly lose the good we sought.

Think how this day was meant for solemn prayer  
For His Estate that suffers much on earth.

In Germany, His people languish yet;

In England too, where havoc oft is wrought

By bishops, putting down the faithful men

Who dare oppose their papist ceremonies,

Their rites, their doctrines of the Romish way;

And more throughout the earth, where famine,  
plague,

And sword molest His scattered flock. And then  
Imminent dangers in Connecticut,  
And to ourselves, from Indian savagery;  
And such dissensions as we find at home,  
Within His church; call more for solemn prayer  
Than for these idle words.

*Dudley*: But we would know—

And Wheelwright best can answer,—Did he stand  
A Nathan of rebuke to Wilson here,  
And say, “Thou art the man,” or, did he not?

*Wheelwright*: I said not, sir, “Thou art the man,”  
but said,

This is the word of God: let those who must  
Find in it their rebuke. I care not who;  
For if the trumpet give uncertain sound,  
Who can prepare for battle?

*Dudley*: Wilson, come.—

A Nathan without Nathan’s courage!—Come.

*(Excunt Dudley and Wilson:)*

*Vane*: ’Tis plain what lash it is that stings. If yours,  
They could strike back; but Conscience turns no  
cheek.

*Cotton*: It will not help us that they nurse a wrath.  
O brethren, these are times of need; and yet

Each step seems forward to confusion, not  
To peace. If Fast Days fail of help, where can  
We look for help, to save us from dismay?

*(Exeunt Cotton and others. There remain but  
Vane, Wheelwright, and the Halberdiers, who  
stand removed. Enter, from the other side, Mrs.  
Coddington and Anne Hutchinson.)*

*Wheelwright:* I do regret that Cotton takes to heart  
My use of this occasion; but to speak,  
With me meant to speak true, nor hide His counsel.

*Vane:* Oh well, these men frame not irenicons  
So oft themselves. Good Cotton's speech is such;  
But Wilson fails, perforce, as peacemaker;  
And Dudley's only hope for certain peace  
Would be a symbol carved from granite.—Ah!

*(Observing the women approach.)*

Are we detained by some committee still?

*Anne Hutchinson:* No, we but come of our own  
choice; nor now  
To ask some favor, but to render thanks  
For such good favor as we now enjoy,  
In having Wheelwright bravely to pronounce  
Our vital needs. And still to offer thanks

For one such Vane, who stands as our defense  
Unfailing.

*Vane*: A thanksgiving, not a Fast,  
You make it; while but now, some weepers went  
Whose jeremiads led us to believe  
Sackcloth and ashes were the symbols yet  
Of pure religion.

*Anne Hutchinson*: "Is it such a fast  
That I have chosen,—man to afflict his soul,  
To bow his head as bulrush, and to spread  
Sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou  
Call this a fast, acceptable to God?  
Is not this more the fast that I have chosen:  
To loose the bands of wickedness, undo  
The heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed  
Go free; and that ye break now every yoke?  
Then shall thy light break forth as morning, and  
Thine health shall speedily spring forth; and set  
Thy righteousness before thee, and the glory  
Of God shall be thy rereward." Such His word.

*Wheelwright*: A better Fast Day sermon this than  
mine.

*Vane*: I only wish a people wise to hear  
Might hear them. But it seems a prophet's voice  
Was ever to the disobedient.

*Anne Hutchinson:* "Wisdom is of her children justified."

*Mrs. Coddington:* A feeble house; while tents of those are full

Who know not wisdom, nor will hear her voice.

Which, Sir, is reason for our anxious word.

We fear the Court's provision next to meet

At Newtown. Some see in that order, Sir,

A quiet move to help those who desire

Your re-election fail. Need we thus fear?

*Vane:* I doubt not such their hope. Nor can I doubt

Their hope is false. They base it on belief

That Boston is more friendly to my choice

Than are the provinces around. I think,

Not so. Here is the seat of controversies.

It cannot be, out of Jerusalem

That even I may perish. I have gone

Thro' my dominions, found the heartiest pledge

Of their good will; and though I did oppose

This action of the Court, as quite unjust,

I feel it will return to harry them.

*Mrs. Coddington:* God grant it may!

*Anne Hutchinson:* "Or else, alas! all we

Around you, and that love your name, must say,



How is the strong staff broken, and the rod  
Once beautiful in strength, and our support."

*Wheelwright*: I fear not this. For what they once  
denied,

He wishing, or had granted when they must,  
They will not take so rudely from his hand.

*Vane*: No, Boston may bring less to my support,  
There gathered; but the law now first provides  
That votes by proxy shall have place, and this  
Will let such freemen as may not attend,  
Be present in support. A thing that serves  
Both sides alike indeed; but, we fear not.  
The honor is but little; but the task  
That I have taken, as I think, from God,  
Is great enough to urge my ardors on.  
He willing, I shall yet His standard bear  
To victory—a far one, and with pain.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Our hopes are ever with you, and  
His might  
Smite still the hand of each designing wrong!

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT FOURTH.

Scene III. Newtown Common.

*(Month of May. Under a large spreading oak, many freemen are gathered. The Magistrates and Clergy gathered to the front. To the rear may be seen some horses tied. A few houses are visible. Vane, in English fashion, announces the meeting called for the annual charter election.)*

*Vane:* The voice of all the freemen is our seal  
Of liberty. These deputies, and these  
Our magistrates of Court, and clergy too,  
Defer their weightier matters to your vote.  
The charter so provides, and wisely.

*Coddington:* Sir,  
In view of this, I ask that this appeal,  
Sent in from Boston, be at once received.  
Appeal it is from action of our Court,  
In case of Wheelwright, to the freemen's vote.

*Vane:* Proceed.

*Winthrop:* But, Sir, this cannot be. The day  
A special task presents, and to that work  
Precedence must be given.

*Vane*: Special task

Will not be overlooked, nor need deprive

Another special need of fitting care.—

Proceed.

*Winthrop*: Sir, I object. It is not meet

To force the issue of an alien need

Upon this hour.

*Vane*: It is no alien need,

When prayer of many of our citizens

Demand we free the good name of their friend

From imputations they regard as false.

*Winthrop*: But, Sir, it well may wait more fitting  
time.

To hear it now will call for such debate,

And hue of passion, that it may perchance

Quite interrupt the workings of this hour.

*Coddington*: If justice for the cry of one oppressed

Can interrupt the work of freemen, set

Their passions so aflame as to permit

No action but of rude and ruthless sort;

Then this were well to know before we vote,

That we may vote more wisely. Wheelwright  
stands

Among us here, accused. He cannot use

His right of franchise till his name be cleared.  
This clearly holds precedence of all else.

*Dudley:* If to inflame these men is work in hand,  
Their plan is model. But, to bring appeal  
That set the Court in uproar of debate  
In secret session, (where we found contempt  
And clear sedition standing to his charge),

*(Cries of "hear," "no," and "true.")*

To this more public hearing, that includes  
The deputies and magistrates who there  
Were gathered, is to spread that fire indeed.  
We, Sir, will not consent that this appeal  
Be hurled, a brand among us.

*Vane:* Brand or no,

His right is now in question, Boston sends  
Her fair request, these freemen are the Court  
For such appeal: Coddington may proceed.

*(Loud outcries against it. Groups of disputants  
begin to collect. Coddington begins, but is in-  
terrupted.)*

*Wilson:* No, never, Sir! This is a clear attempt  
To override the Court, where they have failed  
To see their wishes carry. Freemen, hear!  
Will you permit to foist their issue now?

*(Cries of "no," and "hear it." Disorder increases. Vane seeks to quiet them, but fails.)*

Cotton: This, Sir, is most unfortunate.—Hear, hear!  
'Twere better to have heard this their appeal  
Than worst the hour with such unseemly waste.  
—But, Sir, they will not hear. That we may see;  
Let pass, at least until the session's close.

*(Again, opposing cries. Some heated disputes are to be seen; and angry words pass, among the company. In the turmoil Wilson seems much excited, and clambers up against the trunk of the oak.*

Vane (*amid disorder*): If others will prove recreant  
to the call

For justice, here sent up; browbeat the hour  
With tactics of defeat; I still must hold  
My faith unshaken by such clamorous throng.  
Wheelwright, accused of treason and contempt,  
Is yet most civil of this frantic mob.

*(Disorder increasing, but quiets a little as Wilson begins to address the company.)*

Wilson (*from the oak*): Hear, brethren, freemen,  
hear!

—Look you, how strange  
Are these proceedings, that the vote of one

Who stands convicted of seditious speech,  
And in contempt, should be adjudged of these  
Who want election, needful to your choice!

*(Great uproar again.)*

*Vane:* No more! We will not hear—

*Wilson:* You must!

*Others:* Go on!

*(Cries of "hear," "Go on," "He has the floor,"  
"—the tree!" Vane seeks again to check the  
disorder, but cannot. Amid it all, some taunt  
Wheelwright with "sedition," "Fast Day trea-  
son," etc. He stands calm.)*

*Wilson:* Look to your charter, freemen! And be-  
ware,

How this election which it so provides  
Be not frustrated, and to private ends  
Constrained.—Look to your charter! Does it give  
Them warrant here to bring their grievances,  
And interpose them to our present work?  
Is Wheelwright's case your care? came you so far  
To rescue him from his embarrassment?  
The Court will see to that. Choose you the Court!  
In their contempt he stands. You want his vote?  
The charter calls for no seditious vote.

Let him beware!

*(In the tumult, one ebukes Wheelwright and strikes him. Some restrain, others urge on.)*

Vane: Let you beware!—That man,  
Let someone seize!—*(to Halberdiers)* Here, you  
protect him.—Shame!

What ribaldry!—*(to Wilson)* Yea, what sedition,  
you

Inspire, who falsely blame another.

*(The Halberdiers, not without resistance and  
ridicule protect Wheelwright. Disorder con-  
tinues.)*

Wilson: No!

I share no blame. This scene you must inspire.  
—Hear, freemen, hear! Forget not how this hour  
Is passing. Pray, let not the afternoon  
Divest you of your charter-right.. Will you  
Choose first you magistrates?

*(Cries of "Yes," and "Election," from many.)*

Vane: Choose nothing, till

You first choose some decorum.

Dudley: Come to vote:

Attend their cry, if you would quiet this.

*(Renewed cries of "Election." Great uproar.)*

*Vane*: The vote of wild men? No! I never will.

*Winthrop*: Confide it to their choice. If they will vote,

Then vote; if hear th' appeal, we are content.

*Vane*: You have inflamed them, that they can do neither.

Let them howl on; I will not call the vote.

*Winthrop (advancing)*: Then, freemen, hear! 'Tis you can best decide. (*Quiets down.*)

Such scenes are useless: let your vote prevail.

If Vane refuse, then I as Deputy,

Ask, Shall we first proceed to the election?

(*A demonstrative, and overwhelming, response is given in favor of the election.*)

—Well, Sir, their wish is clear.—You must proceed.

*Vane (deeply moved)*: Their wish is clear. And clear it is, their wish

Is born of passion, nourished by such scenes

As ill become a body of such men.

—Now, hear me. We are falsely held to urge

Upon you an appeal for private ends.

Why, men, forsooth! God grant the little gain

Of such a turn, or of your franchise now,

May not so blind me to what nerves a soul,



That I may ever make so vile a play  
To passions of the mob, as here was seen.

*(Slight renewal of disorder.)*

Enact you what you will. We thought to serve  
That love of brethren, which as men of Christ,  
Would seem a fitting spirit, learned of Him.  
Let passion still corrode: we dare to trust  
The acid of our human bitterness  
Eats not the Golden Rule.—If such appeal  
Suit not your spirit now; or, if the time  
Forbid, that priest and Levite need pass on:  
'Tis yours to have it so.

*Winthrop*: Then, come to vote.

*Vane (impatiently)*: Present it, if you must. You  
put the first.

*Winthrop*: If you will not go on, then, Sir, without  
you

We will proceed. The time brooks no delay.

*Vane*: The voting shall proceed *(to Secretary.)*

Let those be called

Who are provided for the canvass.

*(They are duly called, and proceed with work.)*

—Our General Court, as all indeed will know,

Comprises two and thirty deputies,  
Who serve the fourteen towns they represent,  
And are of them elected; magistrates,  
Eleven now, and chosen by these freemen,  
Who represent our Colony at large.  
The Officers of the Court, as Governor,  
And Deputy, who may serve in our stead;  
Secretary, and Treasurer, who still  
Have onerous parts, and need our honor more;  
Are items of your suffrage. You will vote  
First for these Officers of Court, and then  
For magistrates of same, by custom known  
To all. With haste and quiet now proceed.

*(The votes are taken. When gathered, they are taken to the Secretary's table, which has been removed to the rear, where he with his assistants proceed quietly to count them.)*

*Bellingham:* A simple scene we now enact, but still  
A greater than it seems. To have it so,  
Cost much in treasure our forefathers' veins  
Enclosed,—as our more recent anguish, too.  
'Tis well our thought should harbor close in this.

*Winthrop:* Well mentioned, Sir; and let me urge it  
more,  
While time permits, upon our quiet thoughts.  
Of English blood, our minds may well revert

To such like scenes from whence our freedom  
sprang.

It was the freeman, or that "free-necked" man,  
Whose long hair graced a neck bowed to no lord,  
That first met in such village moots. And there,  
At moot-hill, or the sacred tree, in truth,  
They sought out justice, laws, and justicers  
Who should their laws defend. And there, we  
read,

Their priests waved hand for silence, ealdormen  
Resolved their weighty counsels, groups of freemen  
Stood round, shook spears to give their bold assent,  
Or with their clashing shields lent loud applause,  
And with their cries of *yea* or *nay* they ruled.  
Such simple forms grew to their Parliament,  
Grown great with time, yet greatest when it still  
Reveals a sturdy faith in simple forms.

We seek not to bring in their pomp and pride,  
Content if we our common good retrieve,  
They in some measure lost. Under due form  
Of government both civil and of church,  
We here would rest, though brought in anguish  
hither.

For true it is, we have not gained this hour  
Without due cost. Each band of pilgrims paid  
Their price, we ours. But yesterday we saw  
Two and a hundred souls, crossing rough seas,

Sow in December's cold and barren soil,  
With many yearnings, yea with bleeding hearts,  
The seed God's springtime now lets issue forth:  
What may His summers bring! We can but hope,  
Toil on, and leave the glory unto Him. (*Ap-  
plause.*)

*Vane*: Such words are tonic, and become the hour  
As choosing men to carry on that toil.  
I trust they serve no less as antidote  
To some envenomed thrusts, unseemly lent  
To mar the scene. And I would add some word;  
For in our Winthrop's timid speech he left  
Unspoken, how his own heroic care  
Has wrought, thro' wise and much painstaking toil,  
A planting for our Massachusetts Bay  
Not less renowned than theirs of Plymouth there.  
The work is one, our toil, our prayers are one;  
Our disagreements strive to serve that one  
Ideal of common good and valiant faith,  
For which our fathers and ourselves have wrought.  
The words of Sidney I recall, which some  
Have thought should be our seal,—the more  
Since now the Indian cries from sanguine thirst,  
And not as suiting byword you have lent him.  
Sidney's are, *Ense petit placidam*  
*Sub libertate quietam.* No sword

Has glory, save it strike for liberty.  
Ours then unsheathe, rough-grind it still for this.  
—But, back to work in hand. The vote is ready.  
(*Applause follows Vane's words, as enter the  
Secretary and his Assistants. Excitement.*)  
—And since among the magistrates whom next  
You are to choose, these names must stand,  
Elected for your Officers of Court,  
Their names we first will hear.

*Secretary:* Their names alone?

*Vane:* Sufficient for the present,—not the vote.

*Secretary:* Sir, those elected, by count of all ballots cast, and of proxies furnished and in hand, are as follows: Governor, John Winthrop; (*Excitement and applause*) Deputy, Thomas Dudley; Secretary, Increase Nowell; Treasurer, William Dummer.

(*The friends of Vane show keen disappointment. Much excitement among the opposition. Wilson is seen to be especially demonstrative, and seeking to descend from the oak, where he has meanwhile been seated, by a mishap is seen to rend his coat. A laughter results. Still holding to a bough, he looks to Vane, and cries out:*

*Wilson:* See Samuel's mantle, how its skirt is rent:  
Even so thy kingdom, Saul!

*(Renewed laughter. Some rebuke Wilson.  
Winthrop is observed to deprecate the demonstration.  
Gradually order returns.)*

*Vane:* Let now the vote for magistrates proceed.  
*(The vote is taken as before. While the count is  
in progress, Winthrop is called.)*

*Winthrop:* More rich in gratitude than fitting words  
Of thanks, believe me: else were poor indeed.  
You have bestowed me that I did not covet,  
And in return my ease of mind exact.  
What honor but walks hand in hand with care?  
So much is forfeit: still the path to power,  
Little or great, is one few will resist;  
And if it be in service for the state,  
Or Saviour's kingdom, by some talent's gift,  
Is one no votary of highest gain  
Ought wish deny.—This honor I enjoyed  
Five years, with your approval; at your call,  
I laid it down. Now that I take again,  
I ask that with your suffrage there may come  
That reunited and retrieved support  
Our Colony most needs, if it attain  
A just supremacy of civil peace.  
—My gratitude is mingled with regret

That my advancement is another's loss ;  
And in his loss, our own. We, Sir, at times  
Have disagreed ; but, as your speech declared,  
Our disagreements hold a common goal.  
The care I gain, you lose ; yet, of my gains,  
I wish none greater than your true support.  
—Again, my thanks ; and evermore, your prayer.  
*(Winthrop's words are heartily received. Yet  
some withhold applause. Vane is unmoved.)*

Coddington: A much united and confirmed support

Is truly no past blessing ; nor now seems  
So near as to inspire a laggard step.  
What stumbling-stone removed, what barrier down,  
That we may march unhindered. Is there one?

*(Cries of "no," "yes," and "to-day.")*

—You think, to take the scepter from the hand  
Of one who most restrained your mad attacks  
On those whose faiths and fortunes you conspire  
To ruin, is a means to peace ! Beware ! *(Excite-  
ment.)*

You do this in the dark. For now we know  
What led the Court to choose a place remote  
For this election. Boston is not here,  
Save few. Her people are with Vane, as all  
The commoners, who fairness love and right.

You do not represent them. And this Court  
You choose, must there convene. I say, Take heed!  
You will not find them wanting in rebuke.  
Is this your policy? Are you to drive,  
To banish, all who shall your ways oppose?  
If so, a fair beginning you have made.  
But yours the loss, not theirs; and you will be  
Like Ezra at Ahava—dearth of men  
Appalled him; you it will appall the more.  
(*Uproar again. Cries of "shame," and "hear."*)

*Dudley:* What shame indeed, and double shame,  
alas!

That Winthrop's kindly words should so be lost  
In outburst like to this! Faithless rebuke!  
These men are freemen: choose they whom they  
will;  
And Boston must abide the choice they make.  
We meet removed, 'tis said,—lest we be swayed  
To other choice. What then? Should they direct  
Who have no vote? Are they more wise than we  
To choose, who have their choice reposed with us?  
This Court, we grant, knows something how that  
mob  
Would vote our each enactment to their wish.  
But, God be thanked, we vote this to our own;  
And will hereafter, if the Court you choose



Is of like carriage,—bowing not to Baal.

*Bellingham*: If all is Baal that wins our Dudley's hate,

Baal's temple fills the earth; and knees are rare  
That bow not to his glory.

*Dudley*: Much too rare;

But names of more we trust now to receive.

*(Applause. Re-enter the Secretary and his Assistants with the vote. All press near.)*

*Vane*: If all is ready, the Secretary will read.

*Secretary*: Sir, those elected to be Magistrates of Court, upon count of all ballots and proxies, are as follows: First four, The Officers of Court already announced; the other seven, duly chosen, are these: Rev. John Cotton, Atherton Haugh, Thomas Leverett, Zachariah Symmes, Thomas Oliver, William Jennison, and William Colburn. *(On observing that the names of Vane, Coddington, and Bellingham do not appear among the Magistrates, there is to be seen on the part of their friends keen resentment and dismay, while the demonstration of the opposite party is marked.)*

*Vane*: We will await your pleasure.

*A Freeman*: The appeal!

*Coddington*: To what tribunal? Surely not to this,  
That moves in mockery; but more to Him  
"Whose judgment is man's destiny, and will  
Make manifest the counsels of their hearts,"  
Paul's word of best rebuke to such.

*Winthrop*: Let peace  
Attend us, brethren. These have done their work  
For which the day was called, and some have far  
To journey: let them now depart.

*Vane*: If such  
Their will, their show of hands will tell.—'Tis so.  
(*Upon vote, they are adjourned. Groups gather  
in excited comment; while some are seen at once  
departing.*)

#### ACT FOURTH.

Scene IV. Boston. Before Vane's House.

(*Enter Bellingham and a Citizen, meeting.*)

*Citizen*: Good Richard, hail! You are the calmest  
yet

Of all in Boston I have seen.

*Bellingham*: Indeed?

If I am calm, 'tis that my fires have burned  
Quite out, and leave but ashes of regret.

*Citizen*: Oh, no; some gold, I hope.

*Bellingham*: All seems but dross;  
Or else my gold is filched;—and it is filched  
If Vane be lost to us.

*Citizen*: What could they mean?

*Bellingham*: What they have ever meant, and found  
but now  
Means to attain.

*Citizen*: 'Twas not unlooked for.

*Bellingham*: No;  
'Twas rather much what we should most expect;  
Is ever so. To-day my thought has turned  
To life of Him whose path we trust to follow,  
And yet a path of such returns of loss.  
One incident I much recall; its lines,  
Caught up in verse, last night beat thro' my sleep,—  
After such day as yesterday to Vane  
Recalled it from the Life that models all.

*Citizen*: Pray, come repeat it.

*Bellingham*: Sit we here, I will.

(*Repeats.*)

To the brow of a hill,  
By ancient Nazareth,  
Where the winds to the crags shrilled forth a wail  
To pierce man's heart,  
Came a throng, with rage as the swelling flood,  
In wrath which ill-will could alone impart,  
(As their temples in darkness stood),  
To cast, with a cry of "You lose" and "You fail,"  
The Man of Nazareth  
From the brow of the hill.

*Citizen*: How true again! His word, "It is enough  
That my disciple shall be as his Lord."  
Comes once again to view.

*Bellingham*: And somehow we,  
Helped by His providence, may yet escape,  
As of His power He from their hands did then.

*Citizen*: Let that be true, indeed. —Good friends  
come here.

(*Enter Aspinwall and another Citizen.*)

*Aspinwall*: Is this your juniper? Good news will  
help.

*Bellingham*: It will; though we were not despairing  
quite.

*Aspinwall*: Well, Boston makes amends; and lets  
the Court

Feel much her strong resentment. For our choice  
Of delegates, deferred till we should know  
What yesterday availed, turns to our good.

*Bellingham*: What way?

*Aspinwall*: We met and chose,—our solid wish,—  
As Boston's delegates to Court, you three  
Whom they had thought to leave without due place.

*Bellingham*: Indeed, so soon?

*Second Citizen*: And none too soon, or else  
The town had been in uproar that had made  
The Court to wish again for Newtown's green.

*Bellingham*: Well, Vane must know.

*Aspinwall*: We are sent to inform,  
And must.—But, good, he now appears.

*Bellingham*: Indeed.

(*Enter Vane, from the house.*)

*First Citizen (to Bellingham)*: Your prophecy comes  
true.

*Bellingham*: We had dared say  
Their evil hand might not avail.—Come, Vane.

*Vane*: Good greeting, friends. Committee of consolations?

*Bellingham*: Oh, no; or if—'tis these who may console.

*Aspinwall*: We trust it helps to know our freemen chose  
Yourself, and Bellingham, and Coddington,  
As Boston's delegates to Court.

*Vane*: Chose when?

*Aspinwall*: Just now.

*Bellingham*: 'Tis true, they've met and made their choice,  
And bring us word so soon.

*Vane*: They have outrun  
My expectation, though I was informed  
Such purpose was on foot. They give the Court  
Brief time to chuckle in their glee, at how  
Our opposition would be wanting.

*Bellingham*: True.

*Vane*: I had been ready, of my private wish,  
To quit the work, the scene. My other cares  
Invited, as you know. Long since indeed,  
Had they directed, or my wish of heart,

I had forsook this path I yet pursue.  
But when I reached conviction, wanting long,  
That I ought stem the current of their wish  
To be slave-barons of free speech or lime  
The Ariel-spirit of fair truth, (whose song  
Should cheer this new world's morning, while our  
work

Goes on, for good of state, or of His church) ;  
I was most willing to forget my needs,  
And give myself free-handed to that care.  
The office was small part, though with its loss  
I feel there went along a prestige too  
That more could help ; yet, friends, I bate no part  
Of my endeavor to bear on against  
The tide, nor shall till my release is come  
From Him who lent conviction, and yet nerves. '   
My vote, my voice, as deputy, is still  
What first it was as magistrate of honor,  
What then as Governor. I shall bear on ;  
And Bellingham will too, and Coddington,  
I will not doubt.

*Bellingham* : Indeed ; you nerve my wish,  
And strengthen all with courage of your faith.

*Aspinwall* : And we of lesser gift shall not despair,  
Nor napkin yet our talents, though but one.

*Vane*: Good word. The ones when multiplied, are  
more

Than tens, our Lord has wisely made so rare.

—Does Coddington know this?

*Second Citizen*: Ere this he does,

For one was sent to tell him.

*Aspinwall*: Dudley too!

*Vane*: They are no doubt devising other things;

And this may come unwelcome. When they meet

To-morrow in provision for such change

As yesterday has brought, they can resolve

Their course. Meanwhile, good Bellingham, come  
you,—

Let us find Coddington, and speak with him.

*Bellingham*: True, Sir, we ought.

*Vane*: If these will grant us leave.

(*Exeunt.*)



## ACT FOURTH.

Scene V. The Governor's Room at Court.

(*Presents Winthrop, Dudley, Wilson, Nowell.*)

*Wilson:* And the sergeants and halberdiers flatly refused you the accustomed service?

*Winthrop:* Yes, upon Mr. Vane's defeat, they laid down their halberds and went home. I, thinking perhaps they awaited some more special invitation to continue their service, sent them word to that effect. But they resolutely refused all entreaties, and, as if piqued by their own defeat, sent back scant show of courtesy.

*Nowell:* Others could be provided?

*Winthrop:* I know not where to select. The action of these shows but a feeling which others share.

*Wilson:* Could they not be had from our neighboring towns, in turn?

*Winthrop:* Perhaps. Or, if need be, I can supply my own servants. And, as for any wish of mine, they can be omitted.

*Dudley:* Surely, just as well. What are they?—servants, true, in part; but more, in Vane's use

doubtless, as lending to some display we care not for.

*Wilson*: If only it cause not such comment and scandal, as we would wish to avoid.

(*Enter a Messenger.*)

*Winthrop*: Well now?

*Messenger*: Upon hearing that the Court had pronounced their action of yesterday an affront, and regarded as undue their choice of the defeated candidates as our delegates to Court, upon grounds that two of our freemen had not been notified; they proceeded at once to a private and particular warning from house to house, and have now gathered to reconsider, or to reaffirm, their choice of yesterday.

*Winthrop*: They are commendable for haste.

*Wilson*: How contumacious they are! They will, no question, return the same three.

*Dudley*: What a waspish lot indeed! If they cannot understand and accept such a rebuke from this Court as we sent them, they are a sorry crowd with which to deal. Are we ever to be harried by them? We ought refuse their choice.

*Winthrop*: If they reaffirm that choice, with all free-men present or notified, it is indeed a regrettable action, that cannot make for harmony or good will; but, brethren, I see not how we can do other than accept their choice. And this we shall need do.

*Messenger*: You shall hear soon; for one is waiting to bring you word.

*Winthrop*: Good.—But, we are fortunate in these early provisions, and more especially in having determined that her trial shall be at Newtown.

*Wilson*: Indeed; and however unacceptable to us their choice may be, it must not interfere with this work in hand. Our Mistress Anne must be tried, as also Wheelwright sent on.

*Dudley*: Oh, these can well be; for our majority is now clearly against them. Only, we have had enough of their sanctimonious rebukes,—all too much of that bitterness which their opposition inspires. With Vane to her defense, we shall suffer tirade and philippic, and she too will be nerved to a stronger defense. It is our loss, but we must none the less get from it great gain.

*(Enter a second Messenger.)*

*Wilson*: Word comes now.

*Winthrop*: They have returned the same?

*Second Messenger*: Indeed; and would a thousand times, they say. Whatever rebuke you give, they doubly return.

*Winthrop*: Let pass. We will not please them with resisting.

*Wilson*: No; we can hardly have all to our liking, and we have much.—Now as to our method of procedure?

(*Exeunt Messengers.*)

*Dudley*: Well, haste is best. As for Wheelwright, all that is needed is a formal sentence, and strict enforcement thereof. For Mistress Hutchinson, now that earliest time and best place are chosen, there is but needed that the charges shall be formally drawn, the accused summoned, the clergy and other witnesses called. Mr. Nowell will properly forward the notices, Captain Greensmith summon the accused, and, as I believe, Mr. Winthrop should best draw up the accusations.

*Wilson*: Indeed, none better.

*Winthrop*: It is a work not to my liking; and only as you may consent to lend your hand and wits, could I agree.

*Wilson*: That gladly.

*Dudley*: No task more grateful.

*Winthrop*: Many easier; for you will not find charges that will read so well as to our ears they seem.

*Nowell*: I am thinking that. Still, our help is yours.

*Dudley*: Our Court will not be so choice of taste.—  
But, think it over. We shall confer again.

*(Exeunt Dudley, Wilson, Nowell. Winthrop turns to some secretarial work, as enter Vane.)*

*Vane*: May I intrude?

*Winthrop*: Well,—Vane! One welcome comes  
Without intrusion.

*Vane*: I am one intruder,  
Since when I first set foot upon these shores.  
—Not that I doubt your welcome;—but there are  
Who held and hold your alien law at odds  
Of envious wish, to make my saying true.

*Winthrop*: 'Tis bitterness to me that so they think.  
For none has come to us that I more felt

Was come a blessing; and what ills have come  
To set a breach between you and the Court,  
Have been my weightiest care. How rather far  
Would I that still you held this trust, if peace  
Could so attend, than it should turn to me.

*Vane*: Pray, do not think of that. I wish it not.  
At best, 'twere little,—save some honor, and  
The better hope of helping honor thrive;  
At worst, where such expectancy is void,  
'Tis nothing. It lies not in my regrets.

*Winthrop*: I learn you will be with us; and your  
hope  
Of still enforcing your belief yet serves.

*Vane*: To represent the Colony or town,  
To serve in high or in some lowly sphere,  
With blame of many, or with praise of all,  
Is one with those who serve no cause but truth,  
And wish no greater honor than our God's.  
Here I shall serve, and with no slackened zeal.

*Winthrop*: Your words are fair; I must commend  
them. Yet,  
I trust your best wish will not cope with mine,—  
To clear these envies from our Court, and turn  
Our paths again to peace. 'Tis all I ask.

*Vane*: 'Tis all. I sought no more, found less; and  
see  
Still less in prospect.

*Winthrop*: Vane! What is your wish?

*Vane*: As yours, for peace. But, Winthrop, not at  
price

That lets pure gold go for a tinselled show.  
Each payment thus far made exceeded much  
The whole of gain, if peace should haply come  
On many payments, as it never will.  
But—this recalls me,—and we need not urge  
Thoughts that will not agree. I came to bring  
A letter just in hand, that comes too late  
For me to hold; and I will give it you.

*(Handing him a letter.)*

—'Tis from one enemy we sent away  
Who helps to bring, I grant, some peace; and such  
As well adorns the Golden Rule of Christ,—  
Which we to him denied, and still deny.

*Winthrop*: From Williams, true. What word?

*Vane*: Upon request,—

When our worst fear was lest the Pequots might  
Win to their cause the Narragansett chiefs,—  
I wrote to Williams, sent the word with haste,

That he would use what speedy care he could  
To seek a mediation, and prevent  
Their coalition. This, as you will see,  
He, at the hazard of his life, effects;  
And gives a blessing where we gave a curse.

*Winthrop*: Truly a noble act, and merits praise.

(*reads*) "—At your desire, I went and gladly. Shipping myself alone, in a poor canoe, I hastened to the house of the sachem of the Narragansetts. The journey set me every moment in peril of life, from the winds and the high seas. At last, reaching the house of Miantonomoh, I found the Pequot ambassadors, and the barbarous chiefs of the Mohicans, already there. For three days and nights, we went over carefully the business in hand. Meanwhile I was compelled to lodge and mix with them, in their rude companionships, though the Pequots were already reeking with the blood which they had freshly spilled. I therefore had cause every night to expect their knives at my throat. But the good hand of our God was upon me for good; and, though the Narragansetts were long wavering, and the chiefs of the Pequots most solicitous, I succeeded in dissolving the conspiracy, and received every assurance and pledge that the Pequots were to continue the struggle alone. To



this their own chiefs at last consented. I am returned again safely from their hands, etc.”—We are rebuked.

*Vane*: Such spirits you cast out,  
As once your Lord cast devils.

*Winthrop*: Coals of fire  
He showers, by such a kindness. We have won  
Our struggle with the Pequots by his hand,  
If this be true!

*Vane*: All true,—a deed deserves  
The highest meed of honor; and well points  
The moral now at issue.—Would you dare  
Revoke the ban against him, and recall  
Such hero; that the love which conquered these  
But savage hearts, might find at least response  
In praise among us?

*Winthrop*: Vane, I gladly would  
If that might be. But I am not a king  
To say, “This shall be,” or “This thing shall not;”  
And here they must decide who most of power  
Possess.

*Vane*: Oh, Winthrop, 'tis enough! No more!  
The most of power you have, the alien law  
To keep that most of power within your hands.

No kingly claim exceeds it. And the end  
Is all, as helping most of power,—the means  
Are sanctified in this. Vienna's courts  
Ne'er showed me priestlier power.—Let's no more!  
Excuse abruptness. 'Tis enough to know  
Our line of cleavage,—and—your heart is right:  
You would be with us, if the most of power  
Were with us, and your value lessened so.  
But we—"Fear not, O little flock," still cheers  
Us on. Each side earth's seas the same,—the few  
Who care for right, though clothed with little  
power,  
Must bear the brunt. We can.—The next to share

*(Accepting the letter again.)*

A hero's part is one they hate the more?

*Winthrop:* May be.—'Tis true, our thoughts are not  
akin;

Though I much hope our hearts are one. I seek  
To build, as suiting a new land; while you,  
More suiting old, think only of reform.

*Vane:* Reform is surgery that healthy growth,  
Best training for new lands, would needless make.  
—And think not, Winthrop, since the soil is new,  
All harvests will be clean. Unsifted seed  
Is sown; new harvests, like the old, now show

Your wheat and tares are both of ranker growth.

*Winthrop*: In that we differ.

*Vane*: And in much.—Farewell.

(*Exeunt.*)

#### ACT FOURTH.

##### Scene VI. Newtown.

(*Within the Meeting House. A small, rude frame building, of hewn boards. The crevices are filled with mud. Rude wooden benches. Table, and chairs for the Governor and Magistrates. The deputies seated on front row of benches. Behind them, a well filled house of eager listeners. Many of the clergy are present, at the front. Before the Governor, Anne Hutchinson, seated. To her right, Vane.*)

*Winthrop*: Let the examination now proceed. Hitherto our progress is but slow; but henceforth, let there be no delay; for we wish this not to be wearisome to any, nor lengthened beyond what is seemly and meet. The accused is before us, convicted for traducing our ministers and their ministry. We have seen how she has been the breeder and nour-

isher of our distempers; how she has long been holding meetings at her house, a thing not tolerable nor comely in the sight of God nor fitting for her sex; and how she has ever justified Mr. Wheelwright's Fast Day sermon, which we have already found to be seditious, and for which you have now set upon him a just decree of banishment; and further how she justified and furthered the Boston petition.

Now to proceed. We contend that the accused has transgressed that law of God which commands to honor father and mother, since the magistrates are the fathers of the commonwealth. Do you not think, Mistress Hutchinson, that in adhering to those who signed the petition, even though you did not yourself sign it, you did so dishonor the magistrates as to be justly punishable?

*Anne Hutchinson:* I do acknowledge no such thing; neither do I think that I ever put any dishonor upon you.

*Winthrop:* We would wish to know by what authority the accused has ever held these public meetings, from which all these troubles have arisen?

*Anne Hutchinson:* Partly because of similar usage which I found prevailing in Boston when I came; and more, because of that Scriptural rule, in the

second chapter of Titus, that the elder women shall instruct the younger.

*Winthrop*: You know there is no rule of Scripture which crosses another; but this rule, as you apply it, crosses that in the Corinthians, where the women are expressly commanded not to teach. You must therefore take the rule in Titus in this sense, that the elder women must instruct the younger about their business, and to love their husbands, and not to make them to clash.

*Anne Hutchinson*: I do not conceive but that it is meant also for more public times.

*Winthrop*: Well, can you say no more than this?

*Anne Hutchinson*: I have said sufficient for my practice.

*Winthrop*: Your course is not to be suffered. It is greatly prejudicial to the state, and disrespectful to the ministers.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Sir, I do not believe this to be so.

*Winthrop*: Well, we see how it is. We must therefore put it away from you.

*Anne Hutchinson*: If you have a rule for it from God's Word, you may.

*Winthrop*: We are your judges, and not you ours; and we must compel you to it.

*Anne Hutchinson*: If it please you by authority to put it down, I will freely let you. I am in your power.

*Vane (interrupting)*: Sir, some of these ministers who have themselves been silenced by English prelates will understand.

*Peters*: For no such unwarranted rule of practice were we there silenced.

*Vane*: To those prelates, so.

*Winthrop*: Quiet!—Let us come to a more explicit charge. It is reported that you have publicly said that Mr. Cotton alone of the ministers preached a covenant of grace; the others a covenant of works, as not being able ministers of the New Testament. Do you acknowledge yourself to have said these things?

*Anne Hutchinson*: I desire to be pardoned from answering a question that has to do only with my personal likes.

*Winthrop*: It is well discerned by the Court that Mistress Hutchinson can tell when to speak and

when to hold her tongue. Upon the answering of a question which we desire her to tell her thoughts of, she desires to be pardoned!

*(Murmurs of derisive laughter, from Court.)*

*Anne Hutchinson:* It is one thing to speak in the way of friendship privately, of what is my belief of any one's preaching; and another thing for me to come before a public magistracy, and there make a charge such as you are accusing me for having publicly made. There is a difference in that.

*Winthrop:* Very well. If you are not to answer, we shall call witnesses to find whether such charges have been publicly made. Will Mr. Peters answer?—You were present at a conference in last December, at which certain of our ministers sought an exchange of views with the accused?

*Peters:* I was.

*Winthrop:* Will you tell us what was said, as bearing upon the question in hand?

*Peters:* There were present a number of ministers, among whom were Mr. Wilson, Mr. Weld, Mr. Cotton, Mr. Wheelwright, and myself. Mistress Hutchinson, being summoned, I urged her to explain why these brethren and myself were different

from Mr. Cotton in our ministry, and why she so openly asserted that we taught a covenant of works. At first, she was disposed to deny what was charged. But when we offered proof, she recovered her audacity and exclaimed, "The fear of man is a snare: why should I be afraid?" Then she asserted there was a great difference between Mr. Cotton and the others of us, so much so indeed that we could not preach a covenant of grace, because we were not sealed, and were no more able ministers of the Gospel than were the disciples before the resurrection of Christ. Upon this, Mr. Cotton objected to the comparison. But still she insisted. Then she instanced Mr. Shepard and Mr. Weld, and especially said of the former that he was not sealed. And when questioned why, she replied, "Because you put love for an evidence." Again, in reply to Mr. Phillips, she declared the same of his ministry. And pursuing this, we found in that day a double seal and a little seal—which never was! And much more, of such drift; but enough in answer.

*Winthrop*: Does the accused deny all this?

*Anne Hutchinson*: I deny it not, save that the gathering was understood to be of a public nature.



*Winthrop*: Do not these brethren all understand that it partook of the nature of a public hearing?

*Several*: Yes.

*Winthrop*: Mr. Peters, Mr. Weld, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Symmes, and others agree that it was. How can you deny it?

*Anne Hutchinson*: I did not so understand it; neither do I think that I was guilty of any open disparagement of their ministry; and, moreover, whatever was said was drawn from me in private discourse by those who are now seeking to persecute me for it.

*Winthrop*: Attend her answer, how it the more accuses them.—Did you not charge them with being under a covenant of works?

*Anne Hutchinson*: I did nothing of the sort. It may be that I said they preached a covenant of works, as did the Apostles before the Ascension. But to preach a covenant of works, and to be under a covenant of works, are two different things.

*Winthrop*: Did not you single out Mr. Cotton as the only one of all these men who was sealed with the seal of the Spirit, and therefore preaching a covenant of grace?

*Anne Hutchinson*: Perhaps, in some private way.

*Winthrop*: Which we think was more a public way.

*Vane (interrupting)*: Indeed! But, if true: do you mean to make a mere preference which the accused may have as to whose preaching may most please her, a crime? Who is there of us who may not have such preference? These proceedings are shameless!

*Dudley*: We are examining the accused here, not Mr. Vane's opinions.

*Vane*: God grant, some few may retain opinions yet worthy to bear an examination.

*Winthrop*: Quiet!—Let there be still other witnesses. Will Mr. Wilson tell us what is his recollection of that December conference?

*Anne Hutchinson (interrupting)*: Sir, since I am to be judged by the testimony of these witnesses, I wish to ask that they may be sworn. Since the proceedings of that conference are in question, I desire to say that I have been looking over certain notes which were taken at the time, and find some things not to be as have been alleged. Accordingly, as the ministers are now testifying in their own cause, they should do so under oath.

*(Much excitement attends this request.)*

*Dudley:* Is this not new insult heaped upon these godly men? How dare she call in question their testimony? It is an outrage!

*Vane:* If they speak truth, no oath can hurt them. Why then such ado?

*Winthrop:* It would seem that the case not being one for a jury, the evidence need not be under oath.

*Coddington:* Still, sir, in a cause exciting so much interest, sworn testimony would best satisfy the people.

*Winthrop:* Unless she insist—

*Anne Hutchinson:* I do insist.

*Peters:* Why do you insist?

*Anne Hutchinson:* An oath, sir, is an end of all strife; and it is God's ordinance.

*Dudley:* A sign it is what respect she has to the ministers' words!—Behold, how she lifted up her eyes, as if she took God to witness that she came not to entrap any,—and yet she will have them swear!

*Vane:* You put the accused under oath, who here speaks in her defense; now that the ministers, as

she has said, are speaking for their cause, why should they also not be sworn?

*Winthrop*: If all can be better satisfied by so doing, I am willing to administer the oath, if the elders will take it; though indeed I can see no necessity for an oath in this thing, seeing it is true, and the substance of the matter confirmed by divers.—Are the elders content to be sworn?

*(All but Cotton declare their unwillingness.)*

—Then the accused must be content to continue as we are.

*Anne Hutchinson*: I am content. God is my Judge, before whom we must all appear.

*Coddington*: Let me suggest that the ministers shall all confer with Mr. Cotton before testifying; for in so doing any conflict of evidence may be avoided.

*Winthrop*: Shall we not believe so many godly elders, in a cause wherein we know the mind of the accused without their testimony?

*Peters (to Coddington)*: I will tell you what I say. I think this carriage of yours tends to further casting of dirt upon the faces of the judges.

*Dudley*: Her carriage doth the same. For she doth not object an essential thing, but goes upon circumstances,—and yet she would have them swear!

*Bellingham*: I think if we will wait a little, Dudley will do it for them.

*(There is seen to be a sensation at the rear of the church. An outcry is made. It is discovered to be a serpent, which has crept into the building. Certain men attack, and it is killed by one.)*

*Winthrop*: Let us have quiet again.—This has given some interruption; yet perhaps the Lord would discover to us something of His mind in this.

*Wilson*: Out of doubt, He does. What could be more clear than that in this the Devil is represented by the serpent, and that it shows how his presence can so slyly enter the church of Christ; while Faith is represented by that member of His church who has crushed the head of the evil one? Indeed this is now the second time in which the Lord has so warned us. Only a few weeks ago there occurred a great combat between a mouse and a serpent, in the view of divers witnesses, and then we were led to wonder; but agreed that the serpent there represented the Devil, while the mouse should represent a poor and contemptible

people, which God had brought hither, which should overcome Satan here, and dispossess him of his kingdom. Perhaps, in this instance, there is yet more significance, that the serpent should have appeared at such time. The Lord would have us consider.

*Weld*: Indeed. Who knows but that the serpent that first beguiled the woman, and brought upon us our ruin, may not in such an hour seek again, in like manner, to beguile us?

*Vane*: What brazen effrontery! so to parade such gratuitous interpretations of simple and harmless events! Why not carry out your analogy, and say, that as Israel fell thro' such simple subtlety, so thro' the brazen form of their personified folly, was Israel saved?

*Bellingham*: Or one step on, that as the Son of Man was lifted up, like the serpent in the wilderness; so of his disciple here, these wish to crush her, as the serpent now. If dreams may have interpretations, so may interpretations have dreams, and fitful ones at that!

*Winthrop*: We have wandered too far; let be. We must now proceed. And before calling the elders to testify further, perhaps it will be well to permit

the accused to produce some witnesses of her own.  
Whom shall we call?

*Anne Hutchinson*: Mr. Coddington is one.

*Winthrop*: Very well; Mr. Coddington will answer.  
But I believe he was not present at the conference?

*Coddington*: Yes, but I was. Only I desired to be  
silent till I should be called.

*Winthrop*: Will you, Mr. Coddington, say that she  
did not say what has been declared?

*Coddington*: Yes, I dare say that she did not say  
all that which they lay against her.

*Peters (interrupting)*: How dare you look into the  
face of the Court to say such a word?

*Coddington*: Mr. Peters takes upon himself to for-  
bid me.—I shall be silent.

*Winthrop*: You have perhaps said sufficient.—And  
yet, Mr. Peters permitting, you may say as to how  
she came to speak of the difference between Mr.  
Cotton and the other elders.

*Coddington*: Well, at that time, Mr. Peters with  
much vehemency and entreaty urged the accused to  
specify the difference between his own teachings

and those of Mr. Cotton; and in reply, she did state the difference to be in the fact that, just as the Apostles themselves before the Ascension had not received the seal of the Spirit, so Mr. Peters and his 'brethren, not having the same assurance of God's favor as Mr. Cotton, could not preach a covenant of grace as clearly as he.

*Weld*: How could she know that we had not the same assurance of God's favor as Mr. Cotton?

*Anne Hutchinson*: How could the sacred writer know that Barnabas was full of the Holy Ghost and of power; or how could Peter say of Simon Magus that his heart was not right with God?

*Winthrop*: Does the accused claim that she has the same inspiration as the sacred writer, the same Heavenly wisdom as Peter?

*Anne Hutchinson*: I think that the Holy Ghost is the same now as then, and that the differences of His manifestations are not less.

*Peters*: Indeed, you see how she makes us out as Simon Magus?

*Vane*: No, for he had money to perish with him.



*Winthrop:* Well, let Mr. Cotton now tell us what is his recollection of that conference.

*(Much interest is shown to await Cotton's answer. All becomes very still, as Cotton rises and takes a position at the left of Anne Hutchinson. She seems reassured, and those of the prosecution more anxious.)*

*Cotton:* I trust we may be calm. No need is here  
For bitterness, or wrangling. 'Tis the light,  
And truth we seek. Let that be all our care.  
Accusers or accused, we should make out  
No case of flimsy texture, but of web  
Whose every thread holds strong in simple fact.  
Of that December conference, what words  
Were spoken, and to what intent, I bring  
Remembrance much in common with all these.  
Of covenants and seals, distinctions hard  
To trace, there was much spoken; and some gain  
Accrued, I felt, in helping all to see  
That, after all, divergent views were most  
In terms of thrust and parry,—that our play  
Turns not from profit, save when wrath intrudes,  
As may chance be in rapier-tilts afield.  
For I remember how that at the close  
Of that December conference, I felt  
Our wordy contest, most in gentle form,

Was not so illy taken as it now  
Turns out; recall too that our brethren said  
They would not henceforth be so prone to take  
Hearsay reports and evil, as they had;  
Agreeing that thenceforth they would not speak  
In mention of it. Afterwards, some did  
Profess to be, as I remember now,  
Not satisfied,—less so than theretofore.

*Winthrop*: This would seem strange, and to my  
mind would serve  
As showing more her strange persuasive way.

*Weld*: Indeed! We did feel somewhat of strange  
power;  
Knew not how evil till the spell was off.

*Vane*: One Presence hurled men backwards, and  
they fell,  
Rebuked of dark designings on His name;  
It might be this.

*Bellingham*: They bear too brazen fronts!

*Winthrop*: Well, none of this.—Does Cotton mean  
to say  
That the accused said not these brethren stood  
In covenant of works, nor preached the same?

*Cotton:* I must declare, I did not hear her say  
These brethren stood in covenant of works,  
Or preach the same.

*Peters:* How, Cotton? how is this?

*Cotton:* I give but my remembrance.

*Peters:* She said not  
We preach such covenant, or walk therein?

*Cotton:* Not in such words, no; nor, as I recall,  
Unto like meaning.

*Peters:* You are much at fault,  
Else quite forget what pricked our memories deep.

*Dudley:* He trips at words.—They say she did af-  
firm

They were not “able ministers,”—her word,—  
“Of the New Testament.” Said she but that?

*Cotton:* No, sir, as I remember, not.

*(Breathless silence was seen to await Cotton's answer. Hearing it, there is apparent consternation on the part of the prosecution, while the friends of the accused take heart accordingly. Cotton resumes his seat. After a brief pause—)*

*Winthrop:* Perhaps 'tis best we hear from the ac-  
cused.

What can you say defensive to your course  
As having lived and taught among us, so  
As to have stirred dissensions up and strife?

*Anne Hutchinson*: If I am called in question, why  
my words  
Have gendered strife, I needs must first declare  
The manner of God's dealing, who revealed  
Himself, and taught my shadowed eyes to see.

*Winthrop*: We wish not that,—the matter in hand  
is all.

*Vane (aside, to Accused)*: Best little; for their  
claims have failed.

*Anne Hutchinson*: Like Paul before Agrippa, I can  
give  
No fair defense of word or deed, without  
The one-explaining secret of my faith,—  
That secret in th' awakening of my soul.

*(Upon reference to Paul's defence, some, especially Peters, Wilson, Dudley and Weld, make a sincere demonstration.)*

*Winthrop*: Then, very well. Be brief.

*Anne Hutchinson*: When I was yet in England,  
there began  
That trouble in my spirit, to see what way

Their churches took; so that I was near led  
To Separatist views. But thereupon  
I set apart a day of solemn fast,

*(Some turn to Wilson, with jesting looks.)*

That I might learn of God. He much confirmed  
My fears; and brought to mind that mystic word,  
How who confesseth not that Christ is come  
In flesh, is not of God—is antichrist  
Who was to come, and is now in the world.  
Regarding this, I knew no papist held,  
Nor any did, that Christ was not in flesh.  
Who then was antichrist? To me was none  
To open Scripture—Christ must be my prophet.  
Then came His word, “For where a testament  
Is sealed, there of necessity the death  
Of the testator is;” and in this word  
He taught me how that they who do not preach  
Such covenant, deny the death of Christ,  
In spirit are antichrist. Such were those men  
Of English church. I liked it not; indeed  
My heart rose up against it, and I sought  
How such an atheism might depart.  
Some whole twelvemonth I groped to find the light;  
Then found how I denied Him, and so walked  
In covenant of works. But then He came,  
Blest vision to my spirit, and I saw

Where lay the truth, and learned to know what  
voice

I heard—the voice of Moses, that of John,  
And this of Christ. The voice of my Beloved  
I could distinguish from the stranger's voice.  
Henceforth, I was more choice of whom I heard;  
And after Mr. Cotton was put down,  
As too my brother Wheelwright, there was none  
In England I durst hear. Then came His word,  
“Though bread of such adversity I give you,  
And waters of affliction, yet shall not  
Thy teachers be removed; but thou shalt see  
Thy teachers face to face.” Then I discerned  
How I too must come hither, though that here  
I still should suffer trouble, and be bound.  
Yet came a voice, “Fear not, for I will make  
Full end of those to whom I carry thee.”  
I looked, and lo! a throne of justice; God  
Sat thereupon, and all the world to Him  
Was gathering 'neath His rod. I could not rest,  
I must not fear, and hither I must come:  
For still His voice spake on, and with strong hand,  
How I should not walk in this people's way,  
But still declare His counsel and His rod.

*(She is seen to move the people deeply; from  
whom there is an occasional demonstration, with  
ejaculations from Jane Hawkins, Mary Dyer,*

*and others. The Court is restless, the Clergy especially so. At this pause, they interject—)*

*Peters:* Behold, she makes us prisoners, is our judge!

*Dudley:* Must we endure her scorn, invective, wrath?

*Jane Hawkins (from audience):* God, speak Thou from thy throne! Let go thy rod!

*Wilson:* Bring her to time! we ought not suffer this!

*Winthrop (waving for silence):*—Quiet, quiet!—(*to Anne Hutchinson*) You do condemn yourself; From your own mouth we yet shall judge you.—Peace!

*Anne Hutchinson (turning upon clergy):* I give you one more place, which too the Lord, Of His immediate revelations, brought me; And one that most concerns you—hear it now. The sixth of Daniel. You know how it tells That when the President and Princes there Could nothing find to lay to Daniel's charge, Since he was faithful, they must needs accuse As touching his devotion to his God. For this they cast him to the lions' teeth.

So he revealed to me that ye should plot  
Against me; but He bade me not to fear,  
Since that He then did Daniel, and His three,  
Deliver. Nor is His hand more shortened now.  
Behold, this day this Scripture is fulfilled,  
And in our eyes! Therefore, take heed! Behold,  
Your power is to my body, but my soul  
He will deliver—ye can do no harm.  
I am at His appointment, and the bounds  
Of my just habitations are in Heaven.  
Ye are but creatures of His hand,—take heed;  
For this ye go about to do to me,  
God most will ruin you, and this whole state.

*(Amid uproar, she resumes her seat, exhausted and trembling. A demonstration in her favor, on the part of the people, seems likely; but the Court and Clergy are quick to seize their chance, and proceed to question.)*

*Peters:* How know you that such wisdom came from  
God,  
And not of Satan?

*Anne Hutchinson:* How did Abraham know  
That God, who said “thou shalt not kill,” called  
him  
To offer Isaac?



*Dudley*: By an immediate voice.

*Anne Hutchinson*: And so to me, by His immediate word.

*Dudley*: How? An immediate voice?

*Anne Hutchinson*: Immediate voice,  
Of His own Spirit to my soul.

*Dudley (in utter consternation)*: Great God!

*Bellingham (aside)*: I thought he would swear for them; so it is!

*Vane*: 'Do we forget, "His Spirit shall bear witness  
With ours?" that "He sends forth within our hearts  
The Spirit of His Son?" She means no more.

*Weld*: Paul spake not with such meanings as she gives.

*Winthrop*: But Daniel, whom you hail as prototype,  
Was there delivered by Almighty hand:  
Think you by miracle you shall be free?

*Anne Hutchinson*: If free, 'twill be a miracle.—I do  
Here speak it to the Court,—I look that God  
By His true promise shall deliver me.

*Dudley*: It is enough! We have such heresy  
As well condemns her.

*Wilson*: True! we need not ask

What in December conference was said:—

We hear it from her lips. 'Tis blasphemous!

*Peters*: She holds herself with Daniel and with Paul!

*Vane*: She has the God of Daniel and of Paul;

Why may she not?

*Peters*: But, miracles are past.

*Dudley*: Let her but call on God to move this Court;

We move a different way.

*Coddington (to Dudley)*: Your blasphemy

Is most apparent.

*Winthrop (to Coddington)*: Hush!—We surely hold

Her views are false, fanatical, and bold

In God's dishonor,—thus to speak of Him

As lending visions, and as free to act

On her entreaty, by miraculous power,

Against His people here. She has defamed us.

*Peters*: Let Cotton speak—her reverend teacher here,—

Say freely whether he doth condescend

To hold such visions, revelations, true.

*Cotton (with hesitation):* I rather would not speak;  
for we are led  
To view thro' passion what needs quiet care.  
We ought discriminate what fancies may  
Lead on to danger, what convictions may  
Come on the wings of spirit to our faith.  
I am not sure that I well understood  
Our sister's view in this:—if to expect  
Some favored care of Providence, then I  
Cannot deny it.

*Dudley:* No, 'tis not of that!

*Cotton:* If though by way of miracle, I think  
I would suspect it; for we hold that these  
Are past. The revelations of His Word  
Are unto all; and, true, His Spirit speaks  
In witness unto ours. We can assent  
To these, nor think delusions. And, I think,  
Such are her thoughts: I understand it so.

*Dudley:* Oh, sir, you weary me, not satisfy!  
These are not things in view; her views are far  
And shamelessly beyond them.

*Coddington:* In your wish.

*Winthrop:* The case is altered now,—to our sup-  
port

The Lord has risen; and, in a marvellous way,  
Hath answered our desires. She has disclosed  
Her revelations—ground of all our ills!  
What tumults and what troubles they have  
wrought!  
Would they were now cut off that trouble us!  
The root of all our mischief is in view  
In revelations! And these, what are they?  
A mere word comes to mind, it suits her whim,  
She makes an application—nothing worth,—  
And lo, a revelation! Ecstasy  
It is—enthusiasm—frenzied faith!

*Wilson:* More like a devilish delusion!

*Winthrop:* True;  
It is of Satan. For I never read  
In all the false, the base, and devilish claims  
Of Anabaptists or Enthusiasts,  
The like of this.

*Dudley:* Nor I.—Yet Cotton stands  
To justify her!

*Peters:* And I think the same;  
It is enthusiasm, and it shames  
Our Cotton so to speak.

*Wilson:* It harries all.

*Dudley:* Those tumults that have rent the Germans,  
all

Were grounded in such talk. In venting them,  
They so stirred up their hearers they took arms  
Against their Prince; and one another's throats  
They cut; and all such devilish fruits. Most like  
The Devil may inspire into these hearts  
To do the same. I know not; but I know  
This is of his delusion in her mind;  
For God's good Spirit brings like truth to all.

*Vane:* I know His Spirit's voice, and she knows well  
The voice of her Beloved; and we but claim  
The things that all just spirits testify.  
The Devil's voice *is* near, in serpent, toad,  
Or what you will,—detestable and vile,  
To still betray a woman's right of faith.  
For she had dared believe that here to speak  
The candid visions of an honest mind  
That sought and seeks to know no will but His,  
Would help her cause. It hurts, as I had feared;—  
Not for a word she spoke, for they were true;  
But for these lions' teeth, that God stays not  
As yet, from thirst of blood. He may not stay.  
The priceless Lamb was slain, and many since  
His true disciples. For what wicked age  
Since that whose shadowed shames made Golgotha

To swathe in darkness, has not lent the cross,  
The sword, the rack, to speed His servants on?  
And ever by that same so specious plea—  
“ ’Tis for our nation, and His church, ’tis thus.”  
You talk well of delusions. Oh, how true!  
How thick they spread around you, and how dark  
It grows—a moral darkness, quite as deep  
As that which typefies it. Do your worst.  
She has no hope,—“the most of power” prevails;  
And she hath now a devil—one that sits  
Within your vision, not within her life.  
We cannot hope to purge your vision, so  
Must bear to lose the object of its hate.

*(It is observed to grow darker, as from clouds  
gathering.)*

*Dudley:* A devil! She has seven, none cast out.

*Winthrop:* We all believe it! We all believe it, save  
few.

*Weld:* It helps not in her cause, and hurts his own,  
That Vane should here so speak of godly men.

*Vane:* I seek no blame, but ask no credit, sir,  
For words of mine; and I have naught to lose.

*Dudley:* Come, let us hear the question!

*Winthrop:* It is time;

Too much has now been spoken to no gain.  
The question turns upon her meetings held,  
From which our troubles and our tumults rise.  
We have well seen they are the fruitful source  
Of all—

*Coddington (interrupting)*: One word on this. Has  
it been shown

These meetings, where the views in blame were  
taught,

Were public ones? Suppose them private, sir,  
Designed for her own family and friends:  
Are private talks such matters of your blame?

*Winthrop*: If you have nothing more to point than  
this,  
'Tis pity you should speak.

*Coddington*: But what is proved  
Of any harm? Is mere comparison  
Of these to those of Christ's apostolate  
Before Ascension, crime? I think it praise.

*Winthrop*: Her own speech here in Court, gives  
ample ground  
For censure.

*Coddington*: But, is any law of God,  
Or any law of man, found broken? No!

*Dudley (to Coddington):* Sit down! Come, let us to the question.—Sir,  
We shall be sick with fast and weariness!

*Winthrop:* We will proceed. The Court is satisfied  
Concerning this we hear. Her course is one  
Provoking trouble, bringing dangers oft,  
And is not to be suffered. If, therefore,  
It be your mind that Mistress Hutchinson  
Is all unfit for further place among us;  
And if it be your wish that she shall hence  
Be banished, out of these our liberties,—  
Imprisoned meanwhile till such time is come,—  
Declare by rising now.

*(All the Court, excepting only Vane, Coddington, Bellingham, Cotton, and one other, rise; then seated.)*

—Those wishing nay.

*(Others rise, excepting Cotton.)*

—*(to Anne Hutchinson):* You hear the sentence  
of this Court. It is  
That you be banished hence, as one unmeet  
For our society.

*Anne Hutchinson:* Sir, I would know  
Wherefore?

*Winthrop:* No more! The Court knows why.



*Anne Hutchinson:* Then, Sir,  
I have said all, too much for my own good;  
I say but this for yours,—Father, forgive  
These of this Court who know not what they do.

*Winthrop:* No more, enough! To Mr. Joseph Weld  
We now commit you for imprisonment.

*(It has been growing darker, and a fearful  
thunderstorm breaks, causing all to leave in dis-  
order; not without cries, some that God's wrath  
is against the Court, others that it is against the  
accused.)*

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene I. Mystic Fort.

*(On the Mystic river, in Connecticut. Just before dawn. Sentinels are stationed near. As the Scene opens, the troops of the Colonies are faintly heard to be advancing. Soon enter Officers Stoughton and Haynes. Two Sentinels come forward.)*

*Stoughton:* Sentinels, salute! Advance!

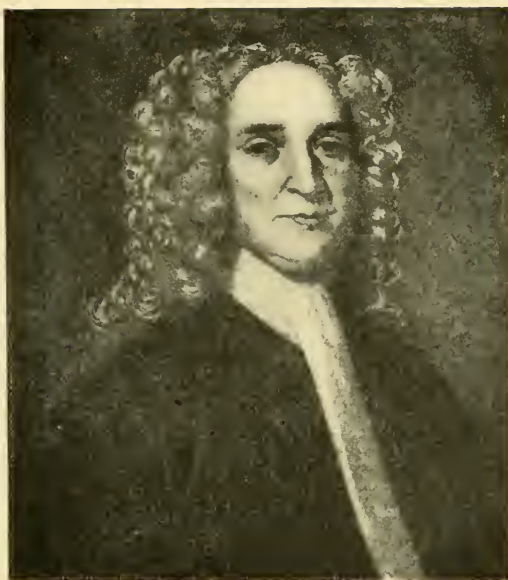
*First Sentinel (saluting):* Softly! We are now within hearing of their camps.

*Haynes:* Any stir yet among them?

*First Sentinel:* None now; I think they sleep, after a night of revelry.

*Stoughton:* Indeed? God grant.

*First Sentinel:* You could not have arrived more opportunely. Ever since your troops sailed by, they have taken it as evidence of our flight, and have been wild with rejoicings. This night they



JOHN COTTON.



have spent in dances and celebrations, while we have stood within hearing of their songs.

*Second Sentinel:* Hardly more than an hour have been in quiet, and must be fast asleep.

*Haynes:* Good; with caution we shall surprise them, and have an easy victory.—(*to Stoughton*) We must make ready our men immediately for the advance. Come.

*First Sentinel:* See that they move in utmost quiet.

(*Exeunt Stoughton and Haynes.*)

—All depends on their care, and the sureness of our attack. There must be hundreds of them here, and reinforcements near; while we have mustered scarcely ninety men.

(*Enter Captain Underhill; his company of some twenty men standing removed.*)

—Who comes here?

*Underhill:* Captain Underhill. Salute! What word?

*Second Sentinel:* Met you not Stoughton and Haynes? They just went there.

*Underhill:* No, I have missed them in this wildwood. What is their plan?

*First Sentinel:* Immediate attack. They are making ready.

*Underhill:* I and my men are made—if their savage alarms do not unmake us.

*Second Sentinel:* We shall find them fast asleep, after a dreadful night of debaucheries.

*Underhill:* Heaven make it their sleep of death! If their bows are unstrung, my nerves may be less so. This is wearing, even for the patience of the saints. Ever since we left Hartford, where that godly Stone drilled us in a night of prayer, we have been drilled in nerve-wearing wastes and watches. We traveled as far as the Narragansett chief's for counsel,—whose only counsel was the warning not to attempt the attack; and here we are, but the more wearied for our journey.

*First Sentinel:* We could never find a better time than now. They are unsuspecting, and weakened with a night of feasting. With care, we shall easily effect their massacre.—Our troops come now.

*Underhill:* And time; for dawn is creeping on.—Are we so near?

*(With the coming of dawn, the Indian Fort is faintly visible, a short distance on, situated on the summit of a hill. The wigwams of the Indians are clustered around the Fort.)*

*Second Sentinel:* Near indeed. We must have caution.

*(Re-enter Stoughton and Haynes; with them John Mason, the staff commander, and Endicott.)*

*Haynes:* Underhill is here, his troops in readiness.

*Underhill:* You see that glimmer of dawn?

*Mason:* All ready?

*Underhill:* Aye,—even my pipe is lit.

*Mason:* There must be not a moment's delay, a united and fearless attack, and no retreat until ourselves or the Indians are slain. If they arouse and resist, fight hand to hand. You have your torches—light and use them at the earliest moment. We must burn their cabins and Fort before they know their danger. Let no man fear; trust in our God: 'tis for your homes, your loved ones, and your all. Now follow quickly!

*(The Officers leading, they rush onward, and up the hill. At about half the distance, a watchdog is heard to bay the alarm. The Indians, aroused*

*at this, rally and resist, with dreadful cries of alarm. Undismayed, the troops of the Colonies rush upon them, with loud outcries, slaying with fierce attack. Almost immediately firebrands are seen cast among their wigwams. Hardly have the troops withdrawn to encompass the imprisoned foe, before the encampment is in flames. The Indians seem paralyzed and helpless, as their enemies raise a yell of victory. Curtain.*

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene II. The Same.

*(Another part of the field. Morning. In the far distance, the smoking ruins are seen. Occasionally a soldier is seen, hurriedly passing, at a shorter distance. Enter Captain Underhill and a Soldier. Meeting them, two other Soldiers.)*

*First Soldier:* Captain, the war is done.

*Underhill:* Doubtless, when the warriors are.

*Second Soldier:* Wonderful! Six hundred Indians, men, women, and children, have perished!

*Third Soldier:* Our God be praised!



*Underhill:* And the Indians' God be pitied! They are surely not gods of the hills, at least in the red of the dawn.

*Second Soldier:* Is it true we have lost but two men?

*Underhill:* Only two. And our soldiers have just carried them hence. It is the sad touch of this glorious day.

*First Soldier:* Well, I never saw a sadder sight than the feeble band of those Pequots from the second Fort, who arrived only in time to see the smoking ruins of their fallen comrades'. They stamped the ground, tore their hair, and cried in fearful anguish; but they saw how all in vain a resistance was.

*Underhill:* Especially when Stoughton and Haynes pursued. A glorious end! And we shall now be going home, hailed as conquerors, feasted for bravery,—and ready for the more exciting, and perhaps not safer, conflicts in Boston,—if their dissensions be not healed.

*Second Soldier:* You are quick to look for a discharge.

*Underhill*: We had as well rush to that—there are no more forts to storm.

(*Enter Haynes.*)

—What now, Haynes?

*Haynes*: All over. Further pursuit is needless. Our good Mason will proceed with his men to-day to Saybrook Fort; with him Stoughton and Endicott, with their men, will go along; we, with our men, are to return home, to protect our settlements there from any possible attack. Gather your men at once.

*Underhill*: Indeed, mark me, so I thought. —We shall be ready.—Gather our men to the boats. Let us away. These sights are grand; but there are better, so I think.

*Second Soldier*: Where, Underhill?

*Underhill*: Hist, there! It is not for the Court to know.

(*Excunt.*)

## ACT FIFTH.

Scene III. Boston.

*(At the Spring. A quiet, shaded recess, with a street to one side. A little back, a rear view of the Meeting House. To the far side of the street, at some distance, the house of John Winthrop. Enter two of Vane's former Halberdiers, meeting.)*

*First Halberdier:* Hold now; have you recanted yet?

*Second Halberdier:* Recant?

I couldn't, can't, nor ever will recant;  
But this I will do—slip their hellish clogs,  
And find some spot, where their religious feet  
Shall not stamp out my vitals. They will see  
Their bristly pates singed with infernal flames  
Or ere I pay them fine of forty pounds  
For daring think out loud.

*First Halberdier:* Stood they but here,  
They would not think it a refreshing shade,  
But more a brimstone corner, worth their fear.

*Second Halberdier:* But, William, did you ever hear  
the like?

—Take from one's family their means of bread,  
And then imprison him for saying so,  
As in contempt! Great God, I do condemn  
The priestly lot, and ask for nothing more  
Than that they would provide me to depart.

*First Halberdier:* Indeed, I told them plainly, as you  
know,  
That in no other place, in all the world,  
Would name to just petition be held crime.  
And called seditious. Now Wheelwright is gone,  
Must they purge even our memories of his name?

*Second Halberdier:* Oh joy, if I were with him!  
And I will  
Depart with some.

*First Halberdier:* Our chances are not rare;  
An exodus is on. Wheelwright alone  
Turns North; many to Providence incline,  
Where now, they say, Williams hews out a state  
Bids fair to be worth while; the Hutchinsons,  
With Dyers, and some others of their turn,  
Go to Aquidneck Isle,—if e'er the church  
Let go their wrath, as late the Court spent theirs:  
And most of Newtown, as I hear, intend  
To follow Hooker to Connecticut,  
Soon as our troops root out the Pequots there.

*Second Halberdier:* That they have done,—you heard to-day's report?

*First Halberdier:* What? No.

*Second Halberdier:* Just came, how that our troops have dealt

The Pequot foe an awful massacre,  
Almost exterminating them. They say  
Six hundred warriors, women, children fell  
In slaughter, found asleep at break of day.

*First Halberdier:* What lost we?

*Second Halberdier:* Only two.

*First Halberdier:* Impossible!

*Second Halberdier:* So seems; if true, the end is near; indeed

Most of our troops already are en route,  
Within a day or two should come.

*First Halberdier:* Hist, then!

For what will Winthrop, and their ilk, I say,  
Not make of this? They have been much at pain,  
To see so many leaving, ere they could  
Arrange to banish them. But if so ends  
The Pequot strife, they'll see the hand of God  
Confirming all their wickedness for good,  
Giving due seal thereto.

*Second Halberdier:* I doubt it not;  
Whatever suits, He lauds; what suits not, there  
He warns.

*First Halberdier:* If not, He would be in contempt.

*Second Halberdier:* Most like, and fined.

*First Halberdier:* No, they can find Him not,  
For He is banished hence.—Mt. Dagon's priest!  
Let's go—for look!

*Second Halberdier:* Arch-ferreTERS, take heed!  
(*Excunt, as enter, from opposite side, Wilson  
and Wcld.*)

*Wilson:* Look, where they scamper! Gnawing rats,  
that seek  
The way of their escape.

*Wcld:* We had them trapped;  
'Twere best they had been soused.

*Wilson:* They'll get it yet,  
If they infest our larders, from which most  
Our roguish rodents now are purged. Our traps  
Are working well these days. The fat and sleek  
Old dam is riddled, mother of them all,—  
Her young scotched ere they get the knack to gnaw.  
I never want more pleasure than was mine

To-day, anathematizing her. The church  
Seemed filled with glory of the Lord of Hosts.  
Their silence, when the questions were propound,  
Was like, I think, the last Great Judgment Day.  
And as I there delivered her to Satan,  
No more to lie, seduce, blaspheme our name,  
To be a heathen and a publican,  
Of us and of Christ's kingdom thro' the world,  
It seemed that all the awe such dread words bear  
Was fraught with alleluias of the Lamb,  
To see our Jezebel cast forth. She went  
As bowed beneath it, yet in pride; for pride  
Fell forth with Lucifer, and robes him yet:  
She seems akin. They say that at the door,  
As she, with Mary Dyer, passed, she said  
In pride, "Cut off from church, but not from  
Christ;"  
And one well answered her, "This Mary bore  
A monster—God would warn thee, best beware!"

*Weld*: The hand of God has wrought us many signs:  
Let her consider. From imprisonment  
She will depart to exile on to-morrow;  
And there, at Isle Aquidneck, she may be,  
For aught we care, like John at Patmos Isle,  
Given up to revelations to the full.

*Wilson*: Other confinement will confine her first,  
Meanwhile our Synod, which we now have called,  
Must try enmesh these rodents, one and all;  
Rid us of error, purify His church;  
While too the Court seeks still to purge us there  
Of such as yet oppose. If it come to Vane—  
But, hark!

*(Volleys of great shot are heard from the ship-  
ping.)*

—Is't possible out troops now come?

*Weld*: This would declare it.

*Wilson*: They have made good time;  
Almost as good by boat as he by land.

*Weld*: He feared they might, since he had lost much  
time;  
We best return and see.

*Wilson*: We will.—'Tis true.

*(Other shots are heard. Exeunt Wilson and  
Weld. Soon, enter Vane and Lord Ley.)*

*Vane (observing Wilson and Weld going)*: We just  
escape collusion. Other shots  
Best win them. They must give their heroes wel-  
come!  
Good victory it was; but, the one hero



That made such massacre not to be theirs,  
And all these exultations for their foemen,  
They'll pass unnamed.

*Ley:* If what you tell of Williams  
Be known to them, as 'tis; it is most strange  
If they shall not relent.

*Vane:* To stranger, strange;  
To me, familiar feeding. Sit awhile;  
These go to other worries, we will rest.  
(*Some seen passing along street, to boats.*)  
How tired the man is when the spirit tires!  
And I am tired. For, hear me. You, Lord Ley,  
That are but here for some few summer noons,  
Sight-seer and romancer for the Court,  
Where you in after days will oft repeat  
The stories of your hearing, to what friends  
May wait on such recital,—you will tell  
Much that is strange. But you can likely tell  
No story stranger than my brief romance  
Of youthful dreaming,—how I thought to find  
An English people, dear by English traits  
Of homely virtues and of loyal hearts,  
But somehow purged of follies I had there  
Thought must remain, thought here they could not  
be!  
Ley, tell them this,—if any think the dawn

Of some millenium breaks on foreign shores:—  
Just say the world is little, and one sun  
Lights all, one darkness circles all, one blood  
Makes all its peoples—blood of common taint.  
For man is clay, and gold from clay is rare,  
Touched by whatever alchemy you will.  
Tell them “the man whose eyes are open” finds  
Mule-driving Balaams may turn out for seers,  
But most still cudgel on, nor see the glory.  
At least say, that ourself is all—the place  
Is little worth. For, mainly, we our shells  
Of crude environment bring from the ooze,  
Though basking in the sun.—Laugh, if you will:  
But when you tell my story, swear ’tis true.

*Ley*: I dare believe, Sir Harry; but, I laugh  
To think I shall not need to tell them this;  
For I shall yet take with me you to tell it,—  
With morals I could not so well impart.

*Vane*: You have been tempting me, where I could  
yield  
With little urging,—but we’ll speak of that  
Again. I know that what you say is true;  
The times grow big with promise there. What  
hopes,  
What disappointments wait, none know. God  
grant

The one on other's heels press not so close  
As here I found. Still, do not think, Lord Ley,  
That I have lost, or can, my grounded faith  
That right and truth will have due victories.  
They will, and ours to help thereto. But then,  
'Tis dearer spurs than one man's youth can win  
To be some story for his children's hearing.

*(Music heard. Shouts of the people, advancing.)*

—They bring their victors home. Let us be going;  
Or I must—you may wish to tarry?

*Ley:* Yes,

I think I will. You go, for you intend  
To see your banished friend ere she depart.  
You will be there to-night; to-morrow call,  
And there, at Noddle Island, we may talk.

*Vane:* I will; farewell.—Think not you may compare

Our volunteers with English soldiers.

*Ley:* No!

*Vane:* These are but soldiers of occasion.

*(Exit Vane. Ley advances to the Spring Gate, near the street.)*

*Soon, enter two Companies of Troops, one under*

*Colonel Haynes, the other under Captain Underhill. They are followed by a throng of people, who cheer them lustily.*

*As passing, curtain.*

## ACT FIFTH.

### Scene IV. Providence.

*(Beneath a large American Elm. Near by, stands the rude log Meeting House. A few rude houses, showing the Providence settlement, are in view. A company of men are gathered, as in council. At their head, stands Roger Williams.)*

*Williams:* One thing, and we have done.—Comes now before us a matter as touching our discipline. No planting is so new, or under such favor of our Father of lights, but there will arise these unwelcome things. Let us not refuse them, but ever strive to be exact. Among those who have come to inhabit with us is our ever kind neighbor, Joshua Verrin. True, he is a follower of that form of belief for which we do not care; for the Quakers have many errors, as it seems to us, that we should ever oppose. Still, we shall not lay aught of restriction upon his conscience in this.

But, for one thing it has seemed to us that he ought to be censured. It is in this, that he has refused his wife the privilege of waiting upon our ministry as often as she has wished. In this he has broken both the commandment of God, and trespassed upon our civil compact, and so ought be censured—indeed compelled from his erring way, upon pain of disfranchisement. Shall we now proceed to this?

*Arnold:* Sir, I think it not meet. For we do not understand that here is any breach of covenant. When this man consented to this order, of our civil compact, he did not think that it should extend to any breach of an ordinance of God, such as the subjection of wives to their husbands.

*Williams:* You are not to understand that the ordinance of God requires of any wife a subjection to her husband so far as to restrict her own liberty of soul. And this is here done.

*Arnold:* I do not understand it so; neither do I think our civil compact gives warrant for any such compulsion.

*Green:* Indeed, we have such warrant in all civil communities. We must.

*Arnold*: I ask that we may hear the Covenant. Let that answer.

*Williams*: We will hear the reading.

*Secretary (reads)*: "We whose names are hereinunder written; being desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence, do promise to submit ourselves, in active or passive obedience, to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for the public good of the body, in an orderly way, by the major consent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together into a township, and such others whom they shall admit into the same, only in civil things."

*Green*: Behold, is not here a strict promise to our obedience?

*Arnold*: Yes, but "only in civil things." And this is not civil, that we should interfere with a husband's authority in his house.

*Green*: What can be more within our authority than this? May we not interfere if the husband shall wish to beat his wife with the rod? Yes. Is it less our duty to interfere when he shall enforce her conscience?

*Arnold*: But he has permitted her to attend, only not every time she could wish. And we know that some women forget that Scriptural admonition, to be "keepers at home," and so need an authority there.

*Green*: There is no evidence that this wife has erred there; it is only that he is desirous of forcing her into his errors of thought.

*Arnold*: Why, "his errors?" Has not a Quaker right of conscience here? Is this not a harbor for all, of any conscience?

*Williams*: We do not seek to restrain his conscience, though the Quaker notions are to my mind clearly false. We think them evil, yet their permission may in case be good. Christ Jesus was the deepest politician that ever was, and yet He commands to toleration, even of anti-Christians. We are willing to tolerate their false views, believing that Christ's lilies may flourish in His church, notwithstanding the abundance of weeds in the world permitted. Indeed, we think the civil magistrate owes two things even to false worshipers; their permission, and their protection. In soul-matters there must be no weapons but soul-weapons. The civil magistrate must restrain

crime, but never control opinions; should punish guilt, but never violate inward freedom. But, the case in hand is clearly other. For it is not this man's conscience that we arraign; it is rather his abridgment of his wife's conscience; and so we make for freedom, and not restraint.

*Arnold:* But he does it out of conscience.

*Williams:* Crimes may be done out of conscience, and we must protect the wife's, even if we must thereby enforce the husband's.

*Green:* You see what folly it would be to permit this man to restrain his wife in this. Why, all the women in the country would cry out against us!

*Arnold:* Did you pretend to leave Massachusetts because you would not offend God to please men, and would you now break a commandment of God to please the women? Clearly, he but follows his conscience in this.

*Williams:* Such infinite liberty of conscience we stand not for. It must not be such as shall withstand or oppress another's. This is clearly within our right; moreover there appears but the one to object, and we shall proceed.

*Arnold:* Hear Verrin first.



*Williams*: If so he wishes, there is none to withhold.

*Verrin*: Thee may proceed,—I will not resist thee in this thee is doing.

*Green*: Then, why resist your wife?

*Verrin*: Thee is too pertinent.—(*to Williams*) But if thee call in question this, I will tell thee, that I but follow the inward light; and so far from my conscience being condemned, as thee is prone to think, I will tell thee that I have ever the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Spirit in this, and know that my conscience doth affirm.

*Green*: Well, does your wife have the “sweet incomes and refreshings” of it too?

*Verrin*: I will not answer that.—Thee may proceed.

*Williams*: We see how true it is, that so good a grant as this liberty of soul may sometimes be abused. Indeed, it often will; and yet, by the very fact of these errors making themselves so ridiculous, they will the sooner run their course. What persecution tries to kill, it but makes the more alive. We will suffer his errors, as we will the ridiculous “thee” and “thou” of their speech; but we will not, I trust, permit to restrain another’s liberty. As many as will censure, will declare

by uplifted hand.

(*All but Verrin, Arnold, and one other.*)

(*Two—Verrin not voting.*)

—You have our censure. The penalty for a further disobedience of our wish, will be disfranchisement.

*Verrin*: I am content. She may go to hear thee,—but if thee give her no more Gospel than thee has dealt out to me, she will not thrive much for her coming.

(*Exeunt Verrin and Arnold, abruptly. In the stir of merriment resulting from Verrin's words and manner, the meeting is informally broken; and all, save Williams and Green, exeunt.*)

*Soon enter, from opposite side, Mary Dyer.*

*Green*: Well, Mistress Dyer!

*Williams*: 'Tis so, indeed! Whence now?

*Mary Dyer*: From bondage into freedom, as we trust.

*Williams*: If hither, yes.

*Mary Dyer*: Not hither, Williams, no;  
We journey to Aquidneck Isle, and ask  
But over-night to linger.

*Williams*: Surely, that;

But still to stay would suit well to our wish.

*Mary Dyer*: Kind; but, here comes one who would say it nay.

(*Enter Anne Hutchinson.*)

*Williams*: Behold, new pilgrims of the faith! How good

Your coming is! What means it, may we ask?

*Anne Hutchinson*: It means what you best know,—that for our faith

We have found no continuing city—so

Seek one to come.

*Williams*: Here may continuance be!

*Anne Hutchinson*: We choose to build, not on foundation now

Of any other laid, but ours, in Christ.

*Williams*: Oh, say not that!—If only laid in Christ, It is enough.

*Anne Hutchinson*: We doubt not here is such;

But Mr. Hutchinson now plants our homes

On yonder shores, and we must join him there.

Some friends are with him, and we hope to dwell

In mutual peace,—after our fiery trial.

*Williams:* You have had such, I know. God grant  
you find  
As sweet a hope as here is ours.

*Anne Hutchinson:* His will  
Must tell for that. Enough for me, some rest  
From persecution and men's hatreds be.  
I am condemned, cut off, and cursed-forth hence,  
From out their jurisdiction of priest-craft;  
I wish for nothing more than that to me  
An open Bible, and His open gate  
Of Heaven's favors to my waiting soul,  
Be henceforth left unclouded of their dread.

*Williams:* How much they err! How their intolerance  
Betrays them! I did ever from my soul  
Honor and love them, though unjustly they  
In judgment did afflict me. More the shame,  
That on your life their wrath should too have fallen.  
It is their thought to prosper; and God grant  
They may, though finding sometimes juster paths!  
Yet, I have found how from their seed of wrath  
God may bring forth some praise. And, may He  
grant  
Like health of countenance to you!

*Anne Hutchinson*: Time helps,  
If you say this!

*Williams*: It does.

*Anne Hutchinson*: I have more hope  
For gains to us, than that their cause should get  
Them gains from His right hand.

*Williams*: Oh, if the weak  
Ones all, should lose,—where would His triumphs  
be?

*Anne Hutchinson*: True, sir, —time mellows all;  
with sweeter grace  
The spirits of the brave, for their defeats.  
'Tis seen in you—may come to me His time.  
But, more of this anon,—if you shall grant  
Our little caravan of household gods—  
All idol-heresies, beware!—to stay  
Till morning here.

*Williams*: We grant you so much time,  
Ere further banishment, be sure.—The men  
Will see to that,—you, Green, will help,—while  
we—

(*Exit Green; as enter a Messenger.*)

What now?

*Messenger:* Your pardon; but word comes, just now,  
That you would hear. The last of Pequot foes  
Are vanquished, and our last of troops are now  
Returning from the field.

*Williams:* Indeed? When this?

*Messenger:* In swamp-fight, near New Haven, they  
were met,  
And once again the Indians suffered rout;  
And so complete that all our English troops,  
Who had remained, have now turned to their  
homes.

*Williams:* Who brought the word?

*Messenger:* An Indian scout was sent  
Up from Canonicus, whose men had met  
The Massachusetts troops on their return.

*Williams:* It could not have been other.—I rejoice  
The end is come.—Thanks, that you brought me  
word.

*(Exit Messenger.)*

*Anne Hutchinson:* Reminds me, I have message here  
from Vane,  
That he has sent you in my care.—'Tis here.

*(Presents him a letter.)*

*Williams:* Oh, I am glad—I thought to ask of him.  
Last hearing, he had failed of that return  
He well deserved, but held no less a brave  
Course onward.

*Anne Hutchinson:* Ah, and stood in my defense  
So nobly, though we knew against all hope.  
He stays, the one brave spirit left, to strive  
Against their fury.

*Williams:* And how long, or will  
He too come hither?

*Anne Hutchinson:* No, no thought of that!  
His only wish is there, and if that fail,  
To England. Neither yea or nay to that  
He gave me; yet I think it will be so.

*Williams:* Well, come—let us within—the letter  
then.

*(Exeunt. As going, others of the Hutchinson  
party join them.)*

## ACT FIFTH.

Scene V. Boston. At the Harbor.

*(Some boats in view. To one side, some cannon are provided; and certain men, bearing small arms, are gathered. To the front, two Citizens, in conversation; as enter, from left, Aspinwall, with a basket.)*

*First Citizen:* Good William, whence are you?

*Second Citizen:* So blest in basket and in store.

*Aspinwall:* From gathering blueberries in the field.

*First Citizen:* So seems. While we have been gathering providences.

*Aspinwall:* How is the crop?

*Second Citizen:* Abundant, and of size. We will exchange.

*Aspinwall:* Agreed. Give equal measure, though.

*First Citizen:* These are more to taste. Yet we have such as are good morsel, too.

*Aspinwall:* Deliver, then. What first?

*First Citizen:* There is no first or last. We pluck them, as you these berries, but stopping when we



have our fill. But, to unload, try this. Word comes, how two men raking for oysters yesterday, were drowned; and it would seem an evil judgment from God, for they were wicked men.

*Aspinwall*: True enough, since none other could have drowned.

*First Citizen*: At Newtown late, one Saturday, a poor man labored after sunset an hour or two; next day his little child of five was drowned. He doth acknowledge that the stroke is from the righteous hand of God, for his profaning His holy day, against the checks of his own conscience.

*Aspinwall*: 'Twould seem that God pays well for overtime. By your report, He that said, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," forgot to stay His own from rising soon after.

*Second Citizen*: We heard of where a young mother was suspected of having killed her illegitimate child; a test was brought, and lo, when she touched the dead body, the blood came fresh, and it bled abundantly!

*Aspinwall*: Cadaverous proof, fit for her hanging!

*First Citizen:* A report tells of how there was a great freshet of late, and some Indians being powwow-ing in the tempest, the Devil came and fetched away five of them.

*Aspinwall:* Good work! He should have been a soldier along with Underhill. But, think of the Devil in a freshet—what a hiss of steam! I warrant the others were well scared!

*First Citizen:* It was a judgment on them, for having despised the white man's Book. Just as reports tells of some sailors who spoke ill of this good land, and the Lord's people here; and some were taken by Turks, and they and their wives and their little ones sold as slaves. Some died of the plague, some had daughters to go mad or to be debauched, and those who thought to escape were lost by their ships going down at sea. And so, in all this, the hand of the Lord was seen.

*Aspinwall:* He surely chose well, when He placed His justice in the hands of Turks.

*Second Citizen:* But listen, what is reported only to-day. It is of Anne Hutchinson, whom we banished for wicked opinions. You know she was great with child; and we hear that being re-

moved to the Isle of Aquidneck, in the Narragansett Bay, her time being fulfilled, she was delivered of a monstrous birth; which is declared to be of such form as to signify her error in denying inherent righteousness, but that all is of Christ in us, and nothing of ours in our faith, love, works, etc. For such at least our godly Wilson has declared it.

*Aspinwall*: Well, truly, our godly Wilson is a skilled midwife, and would know just what the theological significance of all that would be.

*First Citizen*: Well, this seems more likely than that other report that tells how she and some of her adherents happened to be at prayer, : when the late earthquake was at Aquidneck; and the house being shaken thereby, they were persuaded (and boasted of it) that the Holy Ghost did shake it in coming down upon them, as upon the Apostles. Perhaps this later affliction was in punishment for that.

*Aspinwall*: You are something of a help to Wilson as interpreters. Joseph and Daniel are bested. But I could tell how more than one earthquake followed her words.—Goodness! But here is now a providence befallen us!

*(A salute is fired from the cannon. They rise, look about, at the guns; then observe the coming of a Company from the street.)*

—I surely thought a Synod had turned loose upon our heresies! But perhaps it is only another Hooker secession, to worry our care-worn Winthrop. *(Taking up his basket)* I think you have devoured rather more of my blueberries than I of your providences.—But, look, 'tis Vane! Things looked for may surprise.

*(The two Citizens retire a little; as enter, from the street, Sir Harry Vane and Lord Ley, accompanied by a following of friends; among them, Bellingham, Cotton, Coddington, former Halberdiers, etc.)*

*(As they come to a stand, another salute is fired.)*

*Bellingham:* The boats lie there.

*Coddington:* And these salutes are paid  
Most worthily.

*Cotton:* And Winthrop bade me say,  
That though he could not come, he has arranged  
That such salutes be fired. And others too  
When passing Castle Island will be given.  
We that are friends, and love you as our own,  
With more than formal pomp, design that now

Ere you depart, our pledge of faith and prayer  
Shall be bestowed. Lold Lry will understand  
That we include due honor unto him.  
His coming gave delight, his stay has led  
To wish it might be lengthened, and he goes  
With showers of all well-wishes for his good.  
But, my Lord Ley, we hold this much against you—  
That you should take our noble Vane in arm,  
Encouraging a wish he long had cherished,  
For English scenes.

*Ley:* I bear no cleaner fault.

*Cotton:* 'Tis not in blame, but much in envious wish;  
For we had thought him ours, as still in spirit  
We ever shall regard him.

*Vane:* Ah, most kind!

*Cotton:* For you have taught us much of high re-  
gard  
Which cannot vanish from our minds, our hearts;  
And though no more we see you face to face,  
Your noble bearing, gentle from your birth,  
Yet trained to higher gentleness of soul,  
Will be a step cannot evanish—no,  
Not ever from our view.

*Vane*: Most kind, most kind!

*Cotton*: Your walk has not been easy, but a path—  
A *via dolorosa*—of such souls  
As keep most closely to the matchless Way  
He walked before us. This we may regard  
As hapless—likely, more it is for praise.  
I ask that for these friends no happier lot  
May fall,—than follow you, as you have Christ.  
We stay to struggle on. You will find there  
Like struggles,—and, we pray, best honors more.  
(*Vane is seen to be much moved, and so all.*)

*Bellingham*: 'Twas time to pause. For Cotton's  
voice throbs so  
In minor strains, as well could move to tears;  
For surely he has mastered that full page  
Of passion, those Ephesian elders give,  
Where Paul was parted from them. Ours is like,  
And both reflect the matchless love of Him  
Who having loved His own, loved to the end.  
Love helpless still may thrive, as it anciently  
Thro' Hebrew Sion's shadowed streets infused  
An Arimathean light. Our streets seem dark  
To me, with much misgivings for our loss;  
I crave but something of like coming dawn.

*Vane*: Again, most kind! Yon waters are at ebb;

The deeps within my spirit surely full.  
I wake as from a dream, some fevered sleep,  
To which this hour a strange antithesis  
Of wakened life presents. Yet, of the past  
I will not speak, save this,—how of my hope,  
Like David's hope, "God made it not to grow;"  
At least in this my day—some coming day,  
Pray that it will! I well believe it; for,  
Whatever in this world for truth and help  
Avails, not on the life of one depends,  
But triumphs over death and day's defeat.  
What task soever fails—fails?—that way moves  
Henceforth not God. His way is dark, though light  
Attends Him surely—yet we see Him not.  
The utmost stretch of man's poor vision fails  
To catch His garments glistening on the night.  
We walk by faith, not sight; and by that faith  
His path we may discern. No pillared cloud  
Of glory to our day, nor fire by night,  
Now guides. A print of where the bleeding Feet  
Once walked, we see; a vision of the Hand  
Once pierced, to beckon on—alone declare Him.  
I leave you to that path; no easy one,  
But one ye have well kept, and will. Farewell;  
Attend me in your prayers, and mine shall be  
Ever to help you, and for this good land.  
—We cannot tarry, for the sun is low;

Our ship is at Long Island—all, farewell!

*(With hearty adieus, they separate, and are seen to hurry to the boats. Those bearing small arms attend. As they embark, other salutes.*

*The curtains permit the scenes quickly to change. There is a brief view, at passing Castle Island, where another salute is heard. Then soon, the view is that of a ship in the distance, moving slowly away.)*

*Bellingham:* The sun is low indeed.

*Cotton:* Yet, setting suns

Have fires transfigure, not consume. Behold,  
What glories, see, now gather upon the deep!  
So tinged with sadness, true; so near the dark;  
Yet holding promise of the dawn.

*Coddington:* So far!

*Bellingham:* We have but slept! all slept, as he hath said.

I dreamt I saw a sainthood and a throne;  
Instead, it was the Indian, foot on skull;  
Our warring factions, swords wet to the hilts,  
Of those who came to bring the realms of peace!  
Full slowly the unhasting years of God  
Move forth before the restless eyes of men!  
We hope, we strive, we think we see the light



Aglow—a mist comes down, the wind snuffs out  
The little candle-flame we set to burn,—  
Our eyes then meet the sadness and the dark.  
Patience, great God! We cry for this at least,  
Crying are still.

Let this true passion drive the angrier forth,  
And give us calm. The patience of far faith  
That may look out across a sad, still sea,

*(Watching the ship afar, now seen in the gathering twilight.)*

From shores where we are thus enwrapped in  
storm,

And view some promise of returning peace.  
Is it for naught?

*(Turning thoughtfully away.)*

Cotton: No, for God lives, and will.

*(Twilight deepens. They turn sadly home, as curtain.)*

## L' ENVOI.

## I.

Soul of the Prophet, Thou  
    (Child of the manger)  
Knowest our longings, how  
    Straitened with danger!

Rest to the wind mocker,  
    Hopes that we cherish!  
Carest not, Wave-walker  
    Thou, that we perish?

Zeal in Thy people tires,  
    Troublers annoy them;—  
Dare we call Heaven's fires  
    Down, to destroy them?

## II.

Little we know of Thy  
Manner of spirit!  
Angrily oft we try  
Peace to inherit.

Thine the lips knew love's worth—  
Sheep before shearers:  
Silence that made the earth  
Speakers or hearers.

Harsh was yon citied hill,  
Crimsoned with sorrow;  
Cross that few pitied, till  
Look! rose the morrow,

Bringing love's triumph, where  
Wrath did for ruth rend  
Veil, that the temple's prayer  
Forth might His truth send.

*The End.*





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